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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Bodiam Castle. *A Poem, in six Cantos, with notes.* 8vo. pp. 296. London. 1818.

THIS poem is written in the style and metre of Mr. Scott. That it is most decidedly an imitation, or that the author has built his manner upon the taste and peculiarity of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, &c. is very apparent, and we find some plagiarisms acknowledged in the notes. The scene is laid about the year 1248; it partly relates to the rebellious Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester, a daring and ferocious nobleman, who, notwithstanding his near connexion with King Henry, by his mother's side, joined the opposing forces, and afterwards quitting Kenelworth Castle, attached himself to a party of pirates, from the Cinque Ports, and openly headed those lawless bands. His share in the present tale rests upon an injury of a private nature sustained from D'Alanrig, Baron of Bodiam, by treachery and murder intended to have been practised upon Hubert, the younger brother of Montford, who, at an early age, in consequence of his family misfortunes, was thrown upon the protection and bounty of D'Alanrig—without his name or birth transpiring. The mutual and progressive affection of this gallant youth and Bertha, the Maid of Bodiam, forms the basis of the story, and is told with simplicity, feeling, and grace:—

"Unknown his lineage and his name,
To Bodiam's towers young Montford came :
The baron marked his visage fair,
His ready wit, and martial air,
And took the stripling for his page :—
But, when he reach'd maturer age,
By royal Edward's conquering hand
Was belted on his knightly brand
Gay was his mood, his laughing eye
Danced with expression keen and sly,
And many a maiden's heaving breast
The triumphs of that eye confess'd,
When, tried in vain, each female art
Had fail'd to hold his fragrant heart.
Yet in that bosom wild and free,
Lurk'd much of generous sympathy :
Thus, when poor Bertha's grief he view'd,
He loved to cheer her mournful mood,
Nor deem'd he e'er that frolic child,
Through tangled woodlands roaming wild,

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Could weave for him the magic chain
Which fairer hands had twined in vain.

Hours quickly pass, and months roll on ;—
That child was now to woman grown,
And sprightly wit and genius high
Gave tenfold lustre to her eye :
Yet still, with fond, familiar grace,
Would Bertha gaze on Hubert's face,
And bid him frame some merry lay
To charm her tedious hours away :
Then smile to mark his faltering tongue
As careless on his arm she hung ;
Nor guess'd the simple maiden why
His bosom heav'd the frequent sigh,
Nor knew the cause that flush'd his cheek,—
With hopes and fears he durst not speak.

Well could Sir Hubert play his part
To win a lady's gentle heart,
Yet here the knight at last must own
His skill by simple maid o'erthrown ;
For Bertha's heart and Bertha's mind
Were such as rarely bless mankind
But though he fail to gain her ear
By every theme to maiden dear,
Yet let him tell of classic lore,
Of ancient kings and times of yore,
And Bertha's step attentive stays,
Unmindful of the ardent gaze
That, while his tongue his heart belies,
Would seek his sentence in her eyes :—
And oh ! when Bertha loved to learn,
Judge if he proved a teacher stern."

The Baron's forces are called out to action, and, upon the point of departure, Hubert unfolds his passion to Bertha. The haughty Baron becomes a witness of this unknown stripling's aspiring wishes ; and, as he never returns, together with other suspicious circumstances, it is plain that he was to have been despatched by the orders of his patron :—

"Thus years pass'd by ; yet she, of all
Blithest of yore in field or hall,
No longer heeds the festive call :

Her harp,—the night wind's mournful
blast,—

The silence of the midnight hour,—
When fancy rules with despot power,
And float around her lonely bower

Unearthly sounds, and scenes long past,—
These were the wild romantic joys she chose
To fill her waking dreams, and lull her to re-
pose."

The introduction to the second canto will furnish a specimen of our author's reflections, and present a proof of his possessing an elegant and feeling mind ; it relates to the former and present state of Bodiam Castle :—

"In vain upon thy ruin'd pile,
Bodiam ! the rising moon may smile ;

In vain on wall and turret grey,
Noontide may cast his ardent ray ;
On thy lone towers and roofless halls,
At night, no deeper silence falls !
Sad remnant now of feudal pride,
Thy open courts the storm must bide,
And wait from time the cheerless doom
Which sends all nature to the tomb.
Yet furious blast and wintry rain
Those massy walls assault in vain,
And, on the gently sloping hill,
Thy lofty turrets triumph still :
Still, on thy broad and lonely moat,
Mid weeds and sedge, their shadows float,
Still threatens, like impending fate,
The stern portcullis' iron grate.
But mid thy courts, with grass o'ergrown,
The gnat's shrill trump is heard alone ;
On the high turret's ivied crest,
The jackdaw builds his lonely nest,
And should some curious foot intrude
To drive him from his solitude,
Screaming around his airy throne,
He harshly claims it for his own.

Thus human glory flits away,
The gaudy pageant of a day !
The banner proud, the trophied hall,
Before un pitying eld must fall,
And all that once made life so blithe,
Must feel that ceaseless mower's scythe :
Yet still, in this remoter age,
Some massive piles resist his rage ;
And strip'd [stripp'd] of every lighter part
Which erst displayed the builder's art,
In simple majesty of size,
Still brave the frown of wintry skies.
And thus, amid the wreck of time,
Heroic actions tower sublime :
The winning air, the bosom warm,
That gave each act a secret charm ;
The cheering voice, the stern command
That check'd or spur'd the martial band,—
These, with the actors, all are gone :
One proud remembrance lives alone."

The elder Montford, brother of Hubert, who has so long been missing, now arrives at the Castle, in the disguise of a friar : he inquires of Bertha the fate of his kinsman, and betrays the high rank but dishonoured family of him she had loved and lost,—her inability to afford satisfactory intelligence of Hubert, confirms the noble pirate's suspicions of her father's guilt, and he determines upon ample vengeance :—

"No word in answer Bertha spoke ;
Her proud heart swell'd, but had it broke,
The same undaunted nature still
Had bow'd her feelings to her will :

With aspect cold, and haughty look,
She paid meet reverence, though his name
Could now no more such homage claim ;
But, when his way he outward took,

Yet seldom is it given to man
Those hours of deep remorse to scan:
Pride locks to rest the struggling sigh,
Checks the deep groan of agony,
Smooths the dark brow, and wears a smile
The world's gay minions to beguile;
The hour when conscience wakes is known
To demons and herself alone.

Exhausted by that agony,
Upon his couch the baron cast
His wearied limbs;—his haggard eye
Closed for a time, and slept at last.
He slept;—but on his slumbers rose
Visions of woe that bar'd [barr'd] repose:
Fancy her airy forms array'd
The torture of his soul to aid,
And banded fiends were there,
Floating before his wilder'd eye,
With smile of devilish mockery.
To urge him to despair."

In the depth of the night, in stillness
and moonlight, a body of mailed war-
riors appear on the hill. It is Montford's
band; determined, desperate, and cau-
tious, they gain the battlements in se-
cret:—

"Across the moat the planks are laid,
The ladders brought, the troop array'd:—
Still sleeps the guard!—by Heaven!—the foe
Has cross'd the gulf that yawn'd below,
Though there, with ease, an infant's hand
Had whelm'd in death the ventures band.

Foremost of all the earl was seen;—
Not one was there so bold that durst
Where Montford step'd to step the first:

But little reck'd that warrior keen
Of doubt or danger;—on he went,
Though the frail fence 'twixt him and death
Quiver'd at every step, and bent
His ponderous weight beneath.
To that stern spirit it was joy
To tempt the fate which others fly,
And sweet he deem'd it to engage
Once more upon a manly stage,
Where he might grapple, hand to hand,
With noble blood and knightly brand."

The warder falls an instant sacrifice,
the keys are gained, and nearly the whole
guard are bereft of life before the sleep-
ing inhabitants are aware of the ha-
voc: Gloucester's son, and the other
knights, arrive too late, except to share a
bloody death; D'Alanrig is left wound-
ed, and the pirates carry off Bertha.
The stranger knight arrives—he pursues
the fugitives—and wrests his long-loved
maid from the grasp of her rude guards,
and is wounded in her defence. Mont-
ford comes up, and the brothers recog-
nize each other: Hubert entreats the
earl to save himself by flight and dis-
guise—he assumes his brother's armour,
and mounts the Arab steed.—Hubert
and Bertha now appear reserved for
happier hours; but Ferrars, a knight,
returning from the combat, who had
met Montford in Hubert's armour, and
mistaken the brothers, now beheld,
whom he deemed the pirate, seated by
the maid. He couched his lance, and
pierced his friend to the heart:—

"Short task remains:—the moment dread
Was pass'd: the noble spirit fled:

her silken canopy.—When all was ready
for commencing the fight:—

"Hark! distant first, and now more shrill,
A horn is heard upon the hill!
And winding downward from the wood,
A warrior, clad complete in steel,
His courser stirr'd with armed heel,
Till in mid lists he stood.
White as the wreath of wintry snow
That circles Hermon's lofty brow,
With foot that match'd the lightning's speed,
And fiery as his native land,
Yet curb'd beneath that stalworth hand,
Bounded and pranced his Arab steed.
No squire attended in his train,
No page to hold the broider'd rein,
No herald's voice his line proclaim'd,
His titles, or his triumphs named:
Yet all his gallant port who view'd,
Had sworn he sprang of noble blood;
So fair he sate,—so well his hand
That fiery courser could command,
So practised seem'd he, in the field,
His arms with graceful skill to wield."

That this stranger knight of the cross
vanquishes the whole field—that his
helm is crowned with the victor's wreath,
and his breast bound with the triumph-
ant baldrick, by fair Bertha—and that
this valiant knight is, in fact, the long-
lost Hubert, may easily be guessed.
After all his victories, the Lord of Bo-
dian is boldly impeached of murderous
intentions, and cited to appear the next
morning to try his cause with the
stranger knight in single combat. The
challenge is accepted and the knight
disappears:—

"Counting the weary lapse of time
By the slow bell's returning chime,
With aching head, and throbbing breast,
Bertha her sleepless pillow press'd.
All was so still, she scarcely knew
If memory, to her office true,
Recall'd the last tumultuous day,
Or fancy, in her airy sway,
Had form'd a scene of mimic strife
To mock the sterner woes of life.
Oh! there are hours,—she felt it then,
When woe's immeasurable bourn
Seems, to whatever side we turn,
Stretch'd far beyond our mortal ken;
Like India's fabled ocean belt,
Whose bound, if bound there be, is hid
Where darkening clouds all sight forbid.
He, who such stunning hour has felt,
Whose heart has e'er been taught to know
The last torpedo stroke of woe,
May guess, what words would ill express,
How press'd on Bertha's soul that night of
wretchedness."

The guilty soul of D'Alanrig ba-
nished sleep, and he reflected upon the
coming morning, when it might be re-
quired of him to answer for unrepented
deeds of evil:—

"Yes, there are hours of woe and fear,
When guilt beholds its penance near,
That mock description's art;
Till nature, shrinking from the strife,
Throws down, perchance, the load of life
To ease a bursting heart:
Reckless, if present woe she leave,
What realms may lie beyond the grave.

She sought no longer to control
The imperious feelings of her soul.
Her brow upon her hand she leant,
Upon the earth her eye was bent,
So motionless she sate,
By magic art thou might'st have thought
That breathing form in stone was wrought,
Which glow'd with life so late."

The latter simile reminds us forcibly
of the Lady of the Lake—"Like monu-
ment of Grecian art."

The baron brings home a party of
valiant guests, amongst the rest, Lord
Guy de Clare, the noble heir of Glou-
cester:—

"Shrinking from Clare's too eager view,
Displeased, the maiden backward drew,
And on her glowing cheek,
The flush of deep carnation hue
A proud disdain did speak.
Full oft before had Gloucester's heir
Beheld, perchance, a form as fair,
Beheld,—nor look'd again;
But now with fond regard he gazed,
Adored the phantom he had raised,
And hugg'd his airy chain.
For where is necromantic spell,
Shall grace a female form so well
As that deep blush and downcast eye,
Which seems from every glance to fly!"

A tournament is proclaimed, and the
chivalry of England assemble on the
lands of Bodiam to prove their valour,
and to receive its meed from the hands
of the fair Bertha. In the mean time,
the revengeful Earl Montford is pre-
paring his pirate band to assail the
castle with carnage and plunder—his
preparations for sailing in the night, are
not unlike those of Conrad, when he at-
tacks the pacha's towers, in the Cor-
sair:—

"Upon the vessel's lofty prow
Montford sate, leaning on his hand,
And, as he press'd his burning brow,
Ponder'd the past, the future scan'd [scann'd]:
It was the last sad hour that he
Could sit and muse in privacy,
And all the load of needless guilt,
The blood in hate or anger spilt,
Now weigh'd his haughty spirit down,
As if he felt the Almighty's frown.
'It is too late,' he muttering said,
'Who, when the string is loosed, can stay
The winged arrow's murderous way?
The bow is bent, the shaft is sped:
What boots it now the sword to sheath,
And meet a more inglorious death?
Like star that shoots along the skies,
Then darkling sinks no more to rise,
My orb, once sparkling o'er the flood,
May sink at last and set in blood;
But those who first my vengeance woke,
Must bide the storm they dared provoke.
Peace! boding monitor!—no more,—
Fate has no keener wrongs in store,
Nor reck I whether doom'd to feel
The headman's axe or foeman's steel."

The scene shifts back to where the
joust was about to begin, and we are
led to the field of martial combat. Ber-
tha sits as an abstracted umpire, under

But no fond tear did Bertha shed,
Her full heart choked the sigh:
So calm she seem'd, thou might'st have said,
Loss borne so patiently
Was little felt:—a child might deem
That he, who from some stunning blow
Lies motionless, in pleasant dream
Was couch'd to rest:—who judges so?
Full well we know he wakes again
But to severer sense of pain.
E'en so, beneath the last dread blow,
If the firm heart disdain to break,
'Tis but to feel a bitterer woe
Wring it to torture when we wake."

Thus this tale, possesssing great pathos, is brought to a conclusion. The poetry is smooth and often harmonious; it displays more fancy than strength, but combines many romantic ideas, and figurative similies, with an absence of all pomp and assumed superiority. There is here and there a suitable and pure allusion to religious feelings, particularly to the workings of a good or evil conscience—which, though unobtrusive, has a favourable tendency, and conveys a satisfactory testimony of the author's principles.—There is, also, often a graceful turn of sentiment, and a refined expression of mind which is highly creditable to the poet.

The character of the heroine is firm; she possesses fortitude, constancy, and high-born dignity, and is not of the common stamp of helpless goodness and fond inconsistency; and she is more eminently fascinating in mind than person.

The very interesting lines in the "Conclusion," in relating to the individual history of the poet, are calculated to awaken much sympathy. We cannot help regretting that sorrow and adversity have laid the foundation-stone of the amusement he has yielded us, but hope he will again beguile his hours of reflection and solitude by indulging in the effusions of his muse.

A Second Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, between the years 1810 and 1816; with a Journal of the Voyage, by the Brazils and Bombay, to the Persian Gulf; together with an Account of the Proceedings of His Majesty's Embassy, under His Excellency Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. K. L. T. By James Morier, Esq., late His Majesty's Secretary of Embassy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia. 4to. pp. 435. London. 1818.

PERSIA, formerly the most renowned of nations, the arbiter of all the eastern, and no small portion of the western world, had latterly sunk so completely into oblivion, that Mr. Morier, on his

appointment as ambassador to that court, a few years since, experienced considerable delay in the filling up of his credentials, in consequence of the difficulty experienced in ascertaining the specific name and titles of the reigning sovereign. But this want has since been amply supplied, principally by the writings of Sir John Malcolm, and the present and former works of Mr. M., to which latter we shall now call the attention of our readers.

It having been considered necessary to send a British mission to Persia, it was arranged that Mirza Abul Hassan, who had come to this country as ambassador in 1809, should accompany the British embassy. The Lion, Captain Heathcote, was accordingly chosen for this service*. After a voyage of near seven months, and a short stay of about a fortnight, at Rio di Janeiro, the ambassadors arrived at their destined port; and it being a matter of considerable importance with the Persian ambassador, that he should land under the most favourable auspices, he waited until the astrologers had fixed upon the propitious moment, which was three hours after sunrise, on the following morning. At the appointed time, he quitted the vessel, and, owing to the want of a convenient landing-place, it became necessary to carry his excellency on men's shoulders. A number of Persians immediately proffered their services, whom he refused, and requested that the sailors should perform this office, saying "by them he had been brought thus far, and by them he would be landed."

The English embassy did not land until the 5th of March, they having been delayed for two days, owing to the number of tents necessary to be pitched outside the town, for the accommodation of his excellency and suite. The appearance of Bushire, and the effect it produces on the mind of a stranger, is highly interesting: especially, as it affords a tolerably correct picture of the generality of Persian towns.

"It would, perhaps, be impossible to give to an inhabitant of London a correct idea of the first impressions made upon the European stranger on his landing in Persia. Accustomed, as his eye has been, to neatness, cleanliness, and a general appearance of convenience in the exteriors of life, he feels a depression of spirits in beholding the very contrary. Instead of houses with high roofs, well glazed and painted, and in neat rows, he finds them low, flat roofed, without windows, placed in little connection. In vain he looks for

* This was the same vessel which, eighteen years before, had carried Lord Macartney to China.

what his idea of a street may be; he makes his way through the narrowest lanes, incumbered with filth, dead animals, and mangey dogs. He hears a language totally new to him, spoken by people whose looks and dress are equally extraordinary. Instead of our smooth chins and light dresses, he finds rough faces, masked with beards and mustachios, in long flapping clothes. He sees no active people walking about, with an appearance of something to do, but here and there he meets a native just crawling along in *slipshod shoes*. When he seeks the markets and shops, a new and original scene opens upon him. Little open sheds, in rows, between which is a passage, serving as a street, of about eight feet in breadth, are to be seen, instead of our closely shut shops, with windows gaily decked. Here the vender sits, surrounded with his wares. In a country where there is so little apparent security of property, it is surprizing how a man so easily exposes his goods to the pilfer of rogues. Comparisons might be made without end; but, however distressing the transition from great civilization to comparative barbarity may be, yet it is certain, that first impressions soon wear off, and that the mind receives a new accession of feelings, adapted precisely to the situation in which it is placed."

During the stay of the embassy at Bushire, the most suffocating heat was frequently experienced, principally occasioned by the long continuance of the south-east wind, which regularly brought large flights of locusts: the description of which affords Mr. M. an excellent opportunity for indulging in his favourite pursuit, "the illustrating of the history and language of the Bible:—"

"The south-east wind constantly brought with it innumerable flights of locusts; but those which fell, on this occasion, were informed, were not of the predatory sort*. They were three inches long, from the head to the extremity of the wing, and their body and head of a bright yellow. The locust which destroys vegetation is of a larger kind, and of a deep red†. As soon as the wind had subsided,

* On almost the same day (12th March), 1674, Chardin, in his journey from Zar to Bender Abassi, saw a flight of locusts, which, he says, darkened the air. They were very large and red.—*Chardin's Travels*, vol. ix. p. 227.

† In a subsequent page, Mr. M. describes those locusts, which he considers as the "real plague;" they seemed to march in regular battalions, crawling over every thing that lay in their passage, in one straight front. They entered the inmost recesses of the houses, were found in every corner, stuck to our clothes, and infested our food. The operation of the female locust, in laying her eggs, is highly interesting. She chooses a piece of light earth, well protected by a bush or hedge, where she makes a hole for herself, so deep that her head just appears above it. She here deposits an oblong substance, exactly the shape of her own body,

the plain of Bushire was covered by a great number of its poorer inhabitants, men, women, and children, who came out to gather locusts, which they eat; they also dry and salt them, and afterwards sell them in the bazars, as the food of the lowest peasantry. When boiled, the yellow ones turn red, and eat like stale or decayed shrimps*. The locusts and wild honey, which St. John ate in the wilderness, are perhaps particularly mentioned to shew that he fared as the poorest of men, and not as a wild man, as some might interpret†. Indeed the general appearance of St. John, clothed with camels' hair [rather skin], with a leathern girdle around his loins, and living a life of the greatest self denial, was that of the older Jewish prophets, Zach. xiii. 4.; and such was the dress of Elijah, the hairy man, with a girdle about his loins, described in 2 Kings, i. 8."

On the arrival of the embassy at Shiraz, Mr. M. resolved on an excursion to Persepolis; and, being furnished by the ambassador with a mehmendar, for protection, and two Persian stone-cutters, he departed on the 26th of April. Of these venerable ruins Mr. M. gives the following description:—

"The most interesting part of the ruins, in point of sculptured detail, is certainly the front of the staircase, which leads to the great hall of columns; and here I found many fallen pieces, corresponding to those still erect. I caused one large stone to be turned, upon which was sculptured the busts of two large figures. It was impossible to carry away the whole block, as I had no other mode of conveyance than the backs of mules and asses; consequently, the two figures were obliged to be separated; but, unfortunately, a vein running across the upper part of the stone, the head-dress of one of the figures was broken off in the operation. The Persians do not know the use of the saw in stone-cutting, therefore my dissections were performed in a very rude manner. I was lucky to find the commencement of the arrow-headed inscription, the termination of which Le Bruyn has given in his drawings; so, if this character should ever be deciphered, we should be in possession of the whole of the inscription. I perceived the angle of a block just appearing on the surface of the ground, opposite to that part

which contains a considerable number of eggs, arranged in neat order, in rows, against each other, which remain buried in the ground most carefully, and artificially protected from the cold of the winter. When that is over, several male locusts surround and kill her.

* "The locust was a clean meat." Levit. xi. 22.

† Another opinion is, that the "locusts" of St. John, were a kind of bean, the fruit of the Acacia tree (*minosa ulotica*) which is hence, in North America, denominated the "locust-tree"—REV.

‡ An interpreter, guide, &c.—REV.

of the inscription which is now remaining, and concluded it must be the commencement of it: it may be imagined how happy I was to find, after the long toil of digging it up, that my conclusion was well founded.

"Both Le Bruyn and Chardin have only given one line of figures on the left of the staircase; but as it was evident, that in order to complete the symmetry, there must have been the same number on the left as there are on the right, I hired some labourers from the surrounding villages, and made them dig. To my great delight, a second row of figures, highly preserved, were discovered, the details of whose faces, hair, dresses, arms, and general character, seemed but as the work of yesterday. The faces of all the figures to the right of the staircase are mutilated, which must be attributed to the bigotry of the first Mussulmans, who invaded Persia; those of the newly-discovered figures are quite perfect, which shows that they must have been covered before the Saracenic invasion: the nicety of their preservation would lead one to suppose, that they had been so protected for many ages before that invasion.

"On comparing Le Bruyn's, Chardin's, and Niebuhr's drawings, with the sculptures, I found them in general correct in outline, but imperfect in the details of dress, arms, &c. Although the figures are in themselves ill-proportioned, inelegant, and deficient in anatomical drawing, yet they are prodigiously interesting in general character, and have not been done justice to in the works of those travellers. They furnish the best models of what were the nations that invaded Greece with Xerxes, and that were subdued by Alexander."

(To be continued.)

ON THE WINTER THEATRES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Although I by no means wish to make your valuable paper the vehicle of a protracted discussion on the Winter Theatres, yet as you have already admitted the letters of several Correspondents, in which the conduct of the proprietors or managers is very freely censured, I trust you will insert a few words in their defence. I beg not to be misunderstood—I can neither vindicate their general monopolizing spirit, nor that strange mismanagement of one theatre which I fear has irrevocably ruined it.

The charges of your Correspondents, against the managers of our Winter Theatres, and the causes which are supposed to have occasioned the present depressed state of the drama, are threefold. The high prices of admission; the facilities afforded to improper females, by which the respectable part of society are prevented from frequenting the theatres; and the neglect of the legitimate drama, or rather the vitiating the taste of the public by melodramas and pantomimes. Now, Sir, although I regret, as much as any man, the decline of the drama and the embarrass-

ment which abruptly closed, and are likely to prevent the re-opening of one of our national theatres, yet I am far from attributing it to these causes.

The present prices of admission may, I think, be very well vindicated on the score of principle, and I should much question the policy of lowering them; I confess that I am not sufficiently acquainted with theatrical history to state the progressive increase of the prices of admission, but a reference to them, at different periods, and the proportionate expenses, may enable us to judge how far they have kept pace with each other. In the time of our immortal bard, when the theatres were infinitely beneath the booths at Bartholomew Fair, in point of convenience and decoration, as the area of them was exposed to the weather, the price of admission to the galleries or scaffolds was sixpence, and to the best rooms or boxes a shilling, though, afterwards, it appears to have risen to two shillings, and half a crown: the standing room, in the area or open yard, was, in some of the theatres, only a penny or two-pence. The expenses of these establishments must however, have been very trifling, since "it appears, from the manuscript of Lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chamber to King James I., that the customary sum paid to John Heminge and his company, for the performance of a play at court, was twenty nobles, or six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. And Edward Alleyn mentions in his diary, that he once had so slender an audience in his theatre, called the Fortune, that the whole receipts of the house amounted to no more than three pounds and some odd shillings."* By a newspaper, of the year 1722, now before me, I find that at the theatres of Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields, the terms of admission then were—boxes, 5s., pit, 3s., and gallery, 2s. How much earlier these prices, which appear extravagant, for the time, first obtained, I am not prepared to say, but that they continued till after "the good and wholesome days of Garrick," as one of your correspondents terms them, I will admit; but then the expenses of theatrical management were very trifling, nor was there that rapid advance in the necessities of life, and the rates of remuneration to persons employed, during the whole of that period, that has subsequently taken place. In 1791, when the Drury Lane company removed to the King's Theatre, preparatory to the rebuilding their house, the expenses of removal were stated to be 11,000l., and, on this account, the prices were raised—boxes, 1s. and pit, 6d., with little opposition on the part of the public; although, in 1792, when Covent Garden, after an expense of 25,000l., was opened at the same prices, they were objected to. In 1809, after the calamitous fires, which destroyed the two first theatres in the world, Covent Garden, having been built at an immense expense, and in the most splendid manner, the prices were again raised—boxes to 7s. and the pit to 1s.; this,

* Malone's Shakespeare. Supplement.

together with the addition of some private boxes, produced the celebrated O. P. war, which, after nearly demolishing the interior of the theatre, terminated in compelling the proprietors to abandon the advanced price on the pit, and to throw open to the public twenty-two private boxes, yielding an annual rent of 8,800l.; thus depriving the proprietors of a legitimate source of great profit, and which was certainly no inconvenience to the public. The emoluments arising from the private boxes are so very considerable, that in the present depressed state of the stage, I should be glad to see their number considerably increased; but, as

"The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
And who would live to please, must please to live,"

the experiment might be a very dangerous one. I might quote the prices of labour, at all these periods, which would further prove, that the present prices are more within the reach of all classes than formerly.

That too great facilities of admission to the theatres may be given to females of a certain description I will admit, although I neither think it does much injury to public morals, nor to the finances of these establishments; for it is extremely doubtful to me whether their places would be at all occupied, could they be excluded. That some reform, in this respect, is practicable, we have an instance in the case of the Surrey Theatre, which formerly was so much pestered with courtezans, that it was dangerous to take a modest female there; but since this house has been under its present judicious manager, it is better regulated in this respect than any other theatre in town.

The charge made against the two large theatres, of neglecting the legitimate drama, and corrupting the public taste, is too ridiculous to deserve a serious answer, when it is considered, that whatever predilections a manager himself might have, in favour of any species of amusement, his own interest will prompt to that which best fills his house; and if that could have been done by comedies or tragedies, he would never have left them for exhibitions of so much more an expensive nature. Drury Lane, too, affords an instance, that to depend on the legitimate drama only, is not sufficient; and yet in this I am very far from thinking the public taste vitiated; the simple fact is, that the overgrown size of the two winter theatres is the source of all their misfortunes. They are so large that not more than one half of the audience can either see or hear sufficiently to enjoy a play; the expression of the countenance of the performers and the best part of the dialogue, are entirely lost, and the whole performance is either rant to one half of the audience, or mere dumb show to the other. Thus, deprived of enjoying the regular drama, the public, still fond of theatrical entertainments, are led to melodramas and pantomimes, where the splendour of the scenery, or the tricks of harlequin, and the grimace of Grimaldi, afford them a tem-

porary pleasure; but as these are a species of entertainment in which the mind scarcely at all participates, they soon satiate; while the legitimate drama is an intellectual treat: it is "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and where it can be witnessed to advantage, will always continue to be attractive. Were an instance wanting to prove this fact, I might adduce the Haymarket, which always attracts full houses, without those spurious exhibitions which have too long disgraced the larger houses: the minor theatres, too, are successful in proportion as their performances approach the regular drama; of this the proprietors of the Winter Theatres were very sensible, when they presented their ill-advised Memorial against the Olympic and Sanspareil Theatres, complaining that these two houses took 150l. nightly at their doors, thus depriving them of "their chance of profit and the means of supporting the dignity of the national drama;" and that the minor theatres have transgressed the bounds prescribed by their licenses, in enacting regular dramas with regular companies. To this Memorial Mr. Elliston has written a reply, in which he retorts on them, that "the patent theatres have become theatres for the display of the *irregular drama*; that the encroachment was in truth committed by the patent theatres on the minor theatres, and that it was in the rage of engrossing the whole store of stage exhibitions, from the deepest pathos of tragedy to the highest flights of tight-rope dancing; from the amblings of the poet to the amblings of the riding-house; from the splendid illusions of the scene-painter to the slopping the stage with 'real water;' from the attic playfulness of Congreve to the more congenial playfulness of *Puss in Boots*." I perfectly agree with Mr. Elliston, in the whole of his ingenious observations here quoted, except that of the encroachment of the Winter Theatres; for, notwithstanding the affected disgust which some profess to feel, that the same stage on which the works of our immortal bard are represented, should be disgraced by tumbling and rope dancing, Mr. Elliston cannot be ignorant that in Shakespeare's own time, and at his own theatre, "the entertainment was diversified, and the populace diverted by vaulting, tumbling, slight of hand, and morris-dancing†." That quadrupeds were not introduced on the stage, at this early period, was perhaps more owing to a prior right to the exhibition of them existing in some other quarter, than to the refined state of the drama. I am borne out in this opinion by an order of the Privy Council, dated July 1591, prohibiting any plays from being publicly exhibited on Thursdays, because, on that day, bear-baiting and similar pastimes had been usually practised, as it was complained that the reciting of plays was "a great hurt and destruction of the game of bear-baiting, and

like pastimes, which are maintained for her Majesty's pleasure*."

Whatever temporary success, very powerful attractions, aided by some other accidental causes, may afford one of our Winter Theatres, I am firmly persuaded that they are too large to be filled every night with the true admirers of the drama; let, then, the proprietors make one great effort, reduce their size considerably, one third at the least, and let the public, on their part concede the private boxes; the managers may then lessen the expense of their establishment considerably, and ensure full houses; and as they will find it their interest to support the regular drama, the public will never want a species of entertainment to which, for centuries, they have proved themselves so partial.

August 10.

T. B.

ON HAPPINESS,

PARTICULARLY IN MATRIMONY.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Resuming my argument†,—There can be nothing of so great importance, then, as the good qualities, both of mind and heart, of one to whom we join ourselves for life: they do not only make our present state agreeable and happy, but often determine our happiness to all eternity! Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate, or money; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person and qualifications. They have both their reasons; the first would procure many conveniences; the others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good and virtuous person, does not only raise, but continue in love. How important, then, is it to seek those qualities in a female, particularly those which are capable of administering to this passion, a feeling that can never be derived from the overflowing coffers of the mercenary mind. As happiness may be enjoyed by all, how pleasing must be the idea to all, that it does not consist in possession of wealth; and all you that are votaries to this influencing shrine, let me conjure you to reflect before you make a choice of a partner for life; let me beseech you, not to suffer the consideration of money, in the object you profess to admire, to influence your determination; for I pronounce, that all who do so, will find that it will never procure that happiness, nor that esteem, which ought and does, in many cases, flow from the judicious choice of a female, whose mind and heart is prolific with good qualities, and whose heart, in common with your own, is mutually cemented:—

'Tis not the face, 'tis not the form,
'Tis not the heart, however warm,
'Tis not the three, tho' all combin'd,
That wins true love—it is the mind!

Delicate organization, great sensibility,

* Memorial to the Lord Chamberlain, with Mr. Elliston's Reply.

† Malone's Shakespeare.

* Miss Aikins's Court of Queen Elizabeth.

† See Literary Journal, No. 24, p. 357.

lively imagination, with sweetness of temper above all, qualify women for a more dignified society with men who are to be their companions and bosom friends. Time runs on; and when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady, who never entertained a thought into which an admirer did not enter, surrenders herself to discontent and peevishness. A woman who has merit, improved by virtuous and refined education, retains, in her decline, an influence over man, more flattering than even that of beauty or wealth.—She is the delight of her husband, as well as admired by her friends and former suitors. The union of a worthy man with a rich or frivolous woman can never, with all the advantages of fortune, be made comfortable. “How different,” says Kames, “the union of a virtuous pair, who have no other aim but to make each other happy!” And so essential did the Samnites hold the good and virtuous conduct of their young people, in preference to riches, that they were convened into one place and their conduct examined, and he that was declared the best had leave given him to take which girl he pleased for his wife; the second best chose after him; and so on.—Admirable institution!—The only recommendation being virtue, that from which true happiness emanates.—What an incentive to virtuous actions!

Let not beauty of face nor symmetry of features be ranked amongst the primary considerations; for if you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have a passion for her, it is odds but it would be embittered with fears and jealousies. Frequent are the instances, that where a female can boast of having had bestowed upon her more beauty than many others of her sex, she relies so much upon her exterior attractions that she neglects to acquire those acquisitions of the mind, from the enjoyment of which happiness is only to be derived. “If Helen or Lucretia had not possessed so fair a face, Troy would never have been reduced to ashes, nor Tarquin driven from the empire of the world.” And so sensible was Petrarch, that beauty was an enemy to happiness, that when he wrote from Vacluse, to one of his friends, he said—“I have made war against my corporeal powers, for I find they are my enemies; my eyes, which have rendered me guilty of many follies, are now confined to the view of a single woman, old, black, and sunburnt; but, to compensate these defects, she is faithful, submissive, and industrious.” The Sabine women were careless of a handsome face, and were more desirous of acquiring means to earn their bread.

As neither money or beauty are essentials to happiness; as I regret to see, that a girl is required to have the face of a Penelope, or the possessions of a Solomon; as I always was, and trust always shall be, a sincere admirer of the female sex; and as I think with Rousseau, that “the empire of women is an

empire of softness, of address, of complacency; her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears;” I hope to be pardoned for exhorting all those who are still in a state of celibacy, and wish to enter into a happy connubial alliance, to first cherish a “sweetness of temper,” which is a capital article in a female character. In the Charibbee islands, women are not permitted to eat even in presence of their husbands, and yet we are assured by Labat, that “women there obey with such sweetness! and respect! as never to give their husbands occasion to remind them of their duty;” an example, he adds, “worthy the imitation of Christian wives, who are daily instructed from the pulpit in the duties of obedience and conjugal fidelity, but to very little purpose.” The late Queen of Spain cured her sovereign of many foibles by her good sense, and, in a word, was his Minerva, under the appearance of Mentor. At Athens, the women studied the temper and taste of men, and endeavoured to gain their affection, not with money, but by every winning art.

Next to that, I advise to store the mind with a useful store of requisite female knowledge, for then their conversation and display of delicate sentiments, the gentleness of their manners, and winning behaviour, will not fail to captivate every sensible heart. Socrates and Pericles met frequently at the house of Aspasia, from whom they acquired delicacy of taste, and procured, in return to her, public respect and reputation.

These, added to a knowledge of management of a family and the domestic qualities, now so much neglected, will never fail to give an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband:—

First learn good breeding, that I first advise,
Good carriage oft the other wants supplies;
For when ill-natur'd age shall rudely plow
Injurious furrows on your wrinkled brow,
You then, perhaps, may chide the tell-tale
glass,
That shows the frightful ruin of your face:—
But if good humour to the last remain,
E'en age may please, and Love his form retain
OVID.

The present world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude than consult our proper interests and happiness, and therefore endeavour to seek them in money, which only at best can procure for us the necessities of life, and not real felicity. Hence it is, that more particularly in “haut ton,” that which is the true cement of hearts—intrinsic and real love, is made subservient to the acquirement of riches, and they who can boast of a pedigree of ancestry notorious for their deeds of valour; and of possessions; and of splendid equipages; and of handsome fortunes, generally become the object of many admirers. But alas! how soon the scene of felicity changes: possession gained, the object once adored loses her attrac-

tions, and she who was the most angelic and the sweetest creature among women, now is supplanted by her lord taking to his protection a maid that “deck'd her mistress's hair.” Desertion follows! and, after an alliance of three years, during which the fruit of that union were two sweet babes, with the prospect of another, are deserted and left to roam penniless in an un pitying world—arising solely from marrying for money! This brings to memory some lines, whose author's name I confess I do not now recollect:—

“Marry for wealth! how I abhor the thought,
For happiness can never sure be bought;
Grandeur, indeed, has charms some can't withstand,
And thus, without their heart, they give their hand,
Such ne'er consider, 'till it is too late,
And then in vain lament their wretched fate,
Their eyes are open, but too late they find,
Riches can't purchase true content of mind,
Thus, from indifference they proceed to hate,
Then how unhappy is the marriage state!
When'er I wed, true Love shall guide my way,
And where I love, I'm sure I can obey,
Then inclination will with duty join,
And every wish of her's will then be mine.”

And, finally, to the above, it may be necessary to observe, that previous to marriage, we cannot, as stated in the “Spectator,” be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor, after it, too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you, at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered, or, perhaps, suspected. Here, therefore, discretion and good nature are to shew their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, and the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and, by degrees, soften those very imperfections into beauties. Marriage will enlarge the scene of our happiness, if pursued with a sincere and proper motive; then love, desire, hope, and all the pleasing motives of the soul, will rise in the pursuit. And when thus actuated in our choice, uninfluenced by the gain of health, life will then run like the pure and uninterrupted stream, and the waiting difficulties of life will only agitate its calmness to become the more serene.

I am, &c.

July, 1818.

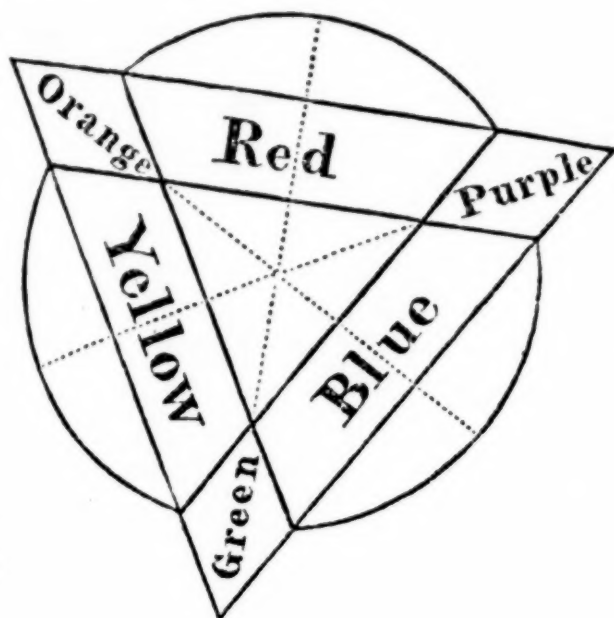
JAMES SINGLE.

COLOURS FOR FEMALE DRESS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—On turning to some of your early numbers, I read several letters on the Colours of Female Dresses. They all agreed that appropriate colours would improve or display a complexion; but my fair country-women have, from improvements in their education, been lately in the habit of exercising their reasoning faculties, and it is not assertion, but proof from principle, which will induce them to adopt the

suggestions of their admirers. If what I can communicate through your valuable paper be satisfactory to them, I shall be delighted at having contributed to their means of personal embellishment.



The above diagram will explain what colours oppose each other; the red, blue, and yellow are primitives, and the orange, purple, and green are compounded from their intersections; as, red and blue crossing each other at purple, red and yellow at orange, and blue and yellow at green. But it will be seen in the diagram, that the red and green, blue and orange, purple and yellow, diametrically oppose each other; to apply this to a yellowish complexion, it is evident that if purple or lilac, which is a light purple, be worn, the yellowness will increase by contrast; this applies to neckerchiefs or bodies of dresses, for the lilac lining of a bonnet will reflect its tint on the face, neutralize the yellowness, and make the complexion appear fairer: if there be paleness with the yellow colour of the face, the lilac should partake more of the red. I have seen a pale fair woman appear beautiful from the reflection of a rose-coloured lining to her bonnet; but at home, when she takes it off, she should discard all red colours from her dress, and wear green, its opposite in the diagram, that whatever red she has in her complexion may appear by contrast. If a complexion be too red, wear red dresses, that by contrasting the face with the redder dress, a comparative fairness may be produced. In general dress, the diagram may be referred to for simplicity or splendour; the successive tints in the circle may be taken for simple and harmonious dresses, and the opposite to increase the brilliancy of colour by opposition. If the foregoing hints be worthy your attention, you will oblige me by inserting them.

P. W.

ON THE SAME.—DANCE OF IRIS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I take the rules for the Colours of Female Dress to be, 1st. The most clear and healthy complexions will admit of the most clear and primitive colours in dress, but not of too deep a tincture. 2nd. The primitive colours are, red, yellow, and

blue*. 3rd. As the complexion descends toward pale, brown, or yellow, or, indeed, any remove from the pearly clear and blooming red of youth and health, the more mixed colours of purple, orange, and green, *separate*, in various degrees of depth, corresponding with the darkness of the complexion, may be found to harmonize, as far as such complexions can expect to find help from colour. 4th. Neutral colours of *depth* will suit broken complexions. *Neutrals* are produced by compounds of the *three* colours.

But as *dress* must remain under the government of *fancy*, I cannot comprehend the advantage that can arise from "a philosophic treatment of the subject," unless each person (like a single picture), were only dependant on its own effect; and, could data be found, there would still remain insurmountable impediments to the practicability of enforcing its laws, without depriving the (weathercock) Emperor Fashion of his dominion, and the looms of their occupation!

It might be a novel experiment, if seven ladies were to dress in to the seven colours, proportioned according to Sir J. Newton's scale for each colour, and were to dance a dance which might be named the Dance of Iris:—

The lady in violet,	the largest, or	80 deg.
Blue & green,	large, such as	50
Red,	medium,	45
Yel.,	rather larger,	48
Indigo,		40
Orange, slender,		27

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H.

CLAREMONT.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—A statement having appeared in the public prints, that Claremont, the late residence of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, was to be seen by tickets, application to be made to Sir Robert Gardiner, Colonel Addenbrooke, and Mr. Phillips; a party of us accordingly set out last week for Claremont. When we arrived at the lodge, I requested to send a note to Mr. Phillips, in order to obtain the necessary ticket; and, after some delay and difficulty there, we procured a person to convey a note to Mr. Phillips (as none of the party, it appears, are allowed to go up to the house to get the required admittance,) who returned with a ticket expressed thus:—"Permit Mr. — and party to see Claremont.—W. Phillips." This ticket was retained at the lodge, and we proceeded through the park to the house; but our surprise was not inconsiderable, when we ascended the steps, to be informed, that the ticket was only to see the grounds, but not the house. We remonstrated upon such conduct, and sent a verbal message to Mr. Phillips, stating, that to see Claremont, by the terms of the

* See Mr. Hayter's elementary work on perspective, Plate XVII, and Chap. (or letter) XVI.

ticket, meant the house. The disappointment of the ladies, after coming so far, as you will readily conceive, was great. Their object was not to view the grounds, but to see the house; and many other parties were in a similar situation.

I am induced to state these facts, that others may not be led to incur unnecessary trouble and expense.

VIATOR.

FRAGMENTS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

No. I.

EXCURSION TO VALLOMBROSA.—THE APENNINES.—PONTE-SIEVE.—PELAGO.—VALLEY OF THE ARNO.—PRATA VECCHIA.—CAMALDOLI.—VALLOMBROSA.—SUPPRESSION OF CLOISTERS.

IN crossing the chain of the Apennines, from Bologna to Florence, we had already attained some idea of the general features of those mountains. They offer, from a distance, nothing of the rugged and pointed outline of the main and lateral chains of the Alps. The summit of the Giogo, where the waters divide, presents a line gently curved, while the more insulated hills are of a roundish form. They much resemble our high moors in the north-west of Yorkshire, or Skiddaw in Cumberland. In most parts there appears to me an Apennine and Anti-apennine, running more or less parallel. The valleys are deep, hollow, and some more abrupt than would have been expected among mountains which present few or no rocks nor precipices. The surface is generally bare, but in parts covered with underwood, or with chesnut-trees. Tall timber trees are only found in some of the hidden recesses, and nowhere meet the eye of the transient observer. Partly owing to the nature of the country, and partly for want of a more judicious disposition of the course of the roads, the very few highways that pass them, as also all the bridle and foot-roads, are steep and laborious beyond any thing I have met with elsewhere. They are a succession of long and tedious ascents and descents, requiring the aid of two or more bullocks additional to every carriage. The passes of the Alps are not to compare with these in labour and difficulty. The views from all the commanding elevations, though deprived of the Alpine character, are of vast extent and beauty. The Adriatic, the Mediterranean, the plains adjoining these seas, the wide and rich level of Lombardy, cultivated glens, populous and ornamented cities, numberless towns,

villages, and country houses, the Alps, Etna, and Sicily, are in their turns visible.

Desirous, however, of more fully investigating the Tuscan Appenines, I undertook an excursion from Florence, in an east-north-east direction. The first stage was ten Italian miles, keeping the north side of the Arno to the small town Ponte-Sieve, where a stone bridge crosses the latter stream. The Tuscan cultivation, namely, walled-in enclosures, producing the olive, the fig, and the vine, with the ploughed land beneath, prepared for wheat, cabbages, beans, and other plants, prevails; but as there are here and there rows of houses on both sides, no foot-pavement, a pebble road, and constant passage, it reminded me of the vicinity of Manchester, and is, I think, the least pleasant egress from Florence. Immediately after Ponte-Sieve, the ascent commences, and mounts gradually for three miles, keeping the main road, by which it is intended to form a communication practicable for carriages from Florence to the countries eastward. Here you leave the road, and turn to Pelago, a considerable village in a romantic situation, with a precipitous descent on one side, and embowered among vines, olives, and fig-trees. It was fortunate that I had a recommendation to a gentleman here; for as to the inn it was difficult to say whether its badness or extortion were more in the extreme. He kindly accommodated me with a supper and a bed, and I much regretted that I was not then sufficiently acquainted with the language to enjoy more of his conversation. His attire was remarkably simple and plain, and in his habitation the ornamental is totally wanting; indeed appearance is set quite at defiance. Yet he is noble, said to be very rich, possesses a house at Florence, and is largely engaged in trade. Fortunately, the weather the next morning continued bright and clear. Leaving Pelago early, we rejoined the high road, and continued mounting for several miles, till we had reached the summit of the branch of the Appenines that occupies the space between the valleys of the Sieve and of the Arno. It has more than three quarters of the elevation of the central Giogo, and afforded a prospect of great extent and beauty, particularly to the west and north-west. The principal objects were the valley of the Arno, enriched by the city dome and spires of Florence, the chains of hills, each rising higher than the other, terminating in the elevated apex separating Tuscany from the territories of Modena and Parma.

But the most striking feature was the ridge separating the territories of Lucca and Genoa. These were in shape totally different from the other Appenines, and their rugged form rather resembles an excrescence of the more majestic Alps. Their abrupt termination closely resembles that of the Pilatus towards Lake Lucerne in Switzerland.

Here we found about forty workmen engaged in continuing the high road, which they execute in a masterly style; and hence a long descent commences, first, through a dreary barren country, and afterwards excessively steep through a chesnut wood to Prata Vecchia. In a neighbouring glen, backed and closed by mountains of prodigious height, we traced the remote source of the Arno, about two hours walk, above this singularly and beautifully situated little town. On each side of Prata Vecchia are ancient castles, one of them placed on a commanding steep, and not inferior to some of the finest ruins on the Rhine. Having crossed the Arno, the climb recommences, first, for an hour and a half, through a chesnut wood. On approaching the summit, the Appenine assumes an appearance more bare and sterile than any mountains I have ever seen, except the Aiguilles, or the snows of the Alps. In these, all that is not bare rock, snow, or glacier, produces wood or pasturage; sweet herbage is often found high above the ice. Our English moors bear either grass or mosses, but here vegetative life exists not. Scarcely a blade cheers these depositions of shingles, and probably of lava. I have since learnt that the action of a volcano here is recorded; indeed, without much skill in geology, I could not feel a doubt of fire having, at some remote period, either created, or at least incrustated these mountains. My attendant, who was well acquainted with the Neapolitan volcanoes, informed me, that the black ashy earth, here found, exactly resembled the more recent emanations of lava. A new prospect now presented itself. At no great distance was the lofty Giogo, giving rise to the various springs of the Arno, dividing the waters that run to the Adriatic from those to the Mediterranean, and separating the papal from the Tuscan territories. Before us was the glen in which was the convent of Camaldoli, surmounted by a steep ridge. At the distance of, apparently, about half a day's walk, was a high mountain, in the form of an obtuse pyramid; the waters descending a little eastwards of this, form some of the sources of the renowned Tiber. The valley in which the lake of Trasimene

lies, ultimately connecting with that of the Tiber, was clearly traceable. Far beyond this, a ridge of mountains, south of Sienna, near Radicofani, was discernible, while, on the opposite side, the hills towards Apulia protruded, bounding the valley to the eastward. To the north-west, the ridge, separating Lucca and Genoa, though not so distinct as before Prata Vecchia, yet surmounted the lower hills about Lucca, and, towards Pisa, presented a view vast in extent and superabundant in interest. A village in an abrupt hollow, or rather crater, in the midst of sterility and desolation, has a most singular effect. After a gradual descent, the track suddenly turns into a glen to the left, where the scene unexpectedly is totally changed. You are at once immersed in the recess of a gloomy forest of stately pines, before unseen. The glen becomes deep, narrow, and romantic, the road rapidly descends; when suddenly, in the shady recess, the venerable pile of the cloister of Camaldoli excites delight and surprise. I cannot say enough of the kindness and hospitality with which the respectable fathers of the order here resident, welcomed and accommodated me. The best rooms, food, and bed (and excellent they were) were allotted to me. They vied with each other in rendering the little offices of service that a traveller requires, and I had again reason to regret, that my scanty knowledge of the language permitted me but partially to enjoy conversation that would otherwise have been pleasant and instructive. Sense and benignity beam in the countenances of several of these recluses. Formerly, their possessions were great, their charities and hospitality were unbounded; now, the last qualifications only survive to the extent of their means, for their property is reduced, and what remains is precariously held. It is to be hoped, not only for the sake of their own merits, but for the sustenance of the surrounding poor, and for the refreshment of the weary or erring traveller, that the government will continue to them their very moderate, yet remaining income.

In order to aid this, they have established, behind the cloister, a saw-mill, turned by the rapid stream that waters their secluded glen. Pastures of tolerable fertility, a rare sight in Tuscany, adjoin the cloister, probably improved by their former wealth and by industry. I have, already, observed the general want of large trees in Italy; the more was I surprized to see near the saw-mill fir-timber of the astonishing length of forty yards. Reckoning the top, the whole height of these trees, from the

ground, must have exceeded one hundred and fifty feet.

It had been my wish and intention to mount the summit of the main Apennine ridge, east of Camaldoli, from which there is, in clear weather, a view of the Mediterranean and Adriatic at the same time; but I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish this design. The distance was nine Italian miles thither, and eighteen of these miles in such a country would have occupied a day. My time was positively limited, and the weather, hitherto superb, had clouded over. It therefore only remained for me to return by the road I came, to as far as the summit of the ridge between Prata Vecchia and Ponte-Sieve. Here I left the road, and following a track little frequented, in a south direction, arrived in the evening at the famous, once rich and sumptuous, but now deserted convent, Vallombrosa.

I have seen nature in features more gigantic than those of this place; I have seen buildings more stately than this convent, but no where have seen the union of the natural and artificial on a scale so grand and so perfect as at Vallombrosa. Rocks are clothed with hanging woods of timber, of astonishing growth, and enlivened by all the beautiful evergreens an Italian climate can produce. Here are groves of the deepest shade, extensive forests of primeval trees. There, bold eminences commanding delightful views, or open lawns producing a herbage almost British. The rapid stream, dashing among the rocks forms a succession of cataracts. The soaring mountain above rears its head to the height of, certainly, five thousand to six thousand feet above the sea, overlooking one third of the western coast of Italy, all lower Tuscany, Florence, and the vale of the Arno. It is covered with snow nine months in the year. The steep descent below approximates to this valley, amidst eminences rich in vines and olives. In short, all fancy has pictured, or romance invented, is here realised. The ancient fabric vies with most I have seen, in extent, and, if not in beauty, is yet very appropriate to the situation, and the object for which it was destined. It is said to contain no less than eight hundred apartments, besides the church and other appurtenances of a monastery. In a place once so rich and hospitable, it was melancholy as well as cheerless to find none of the comforts, hardly the necessities of life. Only a few peasants, and one person of a class superior to the rest, inhabit this ample mansion.

In all parts of the continent where

we have been, we have found that the change resulting from the late revolutions, with regard to clerical establishments, is much greater and more permanent than we had expected. In Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, most cloisters are suppressed, and the remaining ones impoverished in property and in inhabitants. Nor are they likely to be restored, though, in many instances, the old governments are. Their lands are either sold to individuals, or they are become the property of the ruling power, and, in neither case, can much prospect be entertained of their restoration. The veneration in which these establishments were held by the common people has declined; in some instances, indeed, it has been transformed into contempt or odium. There seems some reason to fear, that with the abandonment of respect for religious forms and rites, the indiscriminating vulgar will relinquish whatever they may have possessed of real religion and its benign effects on principles and morals. Indeed, their ignorance of what the practical duties of christianity inculcate, is the more excusable when we consider how little the catholic worship is calculated to instruct or to edify. No doubt the number of monks, nuns, and the extent of church property was an evil, and the restriction of it, has perhaps been the best result of the convulsions, which in our age, have agitated Europe. In large towns we protestants can discover no use in cloisters. In a country like England, where true taste and elegant habits induce many of the great land-owners to spend most of their time in the country, they would be there equally useless. But if the question were asked, whether in Italy, where all but the cities and their immediate vicinity are deserted by the noble and the rich, it would be desirable to extirpate the yet remaining cloisters in the lonely recesses of the mountains, I would reply, Look at Vallombrosa. Bare as the Apennines are, I cannot think but that very much of the land, now uncultivated, would either produce timber, or would repay the efforts of British culture. Yet almost all is a desert, except Camaldoli, Lavena, and Vallombrosa. There the rocky situations produce capital timber, the slopes, and even, at Vallombrosa, the very summits are converted into fair meadow or pasture lands, and so conspicuous are the efforts of capital and industry that each place appears as an oasis in the desert. Their agriculture employed, their charity fed, the population far around. Their tenants regarded them as protectors, not as oppressors. Religion and

civilization distinguished the peasantry from the semi-barbarian Calabrians, and other remote mountaineers. Hospitality opened their door and spread their table, alike for the neighbours, for the traveller, for the opulent, for the indigent.

In the morning, though a heavy cloud rested upon the mountain, I ascended to its highest summit, where I found myself involved in clouds and assailed by a cold storm as severe as I have ever felt in Cumberland or Scotland, except in the depth of winter. When, in descending, I had passed this gloomy girdle, the rich and boundless view reappeared in all its lustre. From Vallombrosa one goes steeply down hill, for an hour and a half, and then, over some very unlevel grounds to Pelago, whence I proceeded to Florence, arriving there in the afternoon. I. F.

REFLECTIONS ON EDINBURGH.

Perhaps there is no town in the world possessed, at the same time, of so many natural and artificial advantages as Edinburgh. Placed in a track of land at once fertile and romantic, its inhabitants may, at a moderate expense, regale their finer feelings with the beauties of nature, and gratify their grosser appetites with the pleasures of the table. The sea, at a distance so short as to render within reach all the profits and luxuries that commerce bestows, which are imported into the spacious and commodious docks of Leith, is yet removed far enough to keep out of the way the dirt and low population which a seaport town never fails to be connected with. Yet Leith is by no means a very disagreeable port. A few streets, only, are narrow and confined; there are others, near the Custom House, and rows of houses on the outskirts of the town, the residences of opulent manufacturers, traders, and persons who have made a handsome independence by a sea-faring life, which are not so far inferior to the best streets in the New Town. There is also, at Leith, accommodation for bathing, but in this respect it yields to other towns on the banks of the Firth—to Porto Bello, Musselburgh, and New Haven, whither the genteeler inhabitants of Edinburgh resort to enjoy the sea air, in the season.

The metropolis of Scotland, as the capital of a kingdom once renowned as that of a warlike, though not numerous people, is associated with events gone by, but fresh in the remembrance of every North Briton, which afford ample scope for the imagination of men of

genius and are well calculated to form the basis of a poem, or works of fiction. The more humble contemplator may also indulge those hours in which he has no other company than that of his own mind, in dwelling upon the changes which the city and inhabitants have undergone, and may still suffer in the time to come, while the castle, and the rock upon which it stands, remain in proud indifference, unconscious of the events going on beneath. Every city and every village must have a part appropriated to the lower orders; and that part must be connected with all the unsightly, disgusting, and immoral scenes inseparably attendant upon a large town; objects which make the thoughtless, forgetting that folly must have a vent, at times, wish that that part were sunk into the earth. But in Edinburgh, although this necessary, but disagreeable appendage is not sunk into the earth; yet the earth sinks with it. The Cowgate, with its dark and narrow streets and alleys, are almost as much out of the way as if they were sunk under ground. A casual observer, or a traveller who makes but a short stay, would hardly know of its existence, did he not justly esteem the South Bridge a curiosity well worthy of being visited, and survey, with novel surprise, a street instead of a river, beneath the archway, with people busily passing and repassing, the rumbling of the carts beneath his feet, echoing to the hollow sound of carriages crossing the bridge.

How different is it in London? The dregs of the population, instead of being confined as much as possible, to one quarter of the city, are interspersed throughout the whole. The practice of inflicting streets, which have obtained a bad name, and driving the wretched inhabitants from them, is of doubtful utility. Might it not be better to limit the evil to one part of the town, to preserve the rest, as is the case in Paris and in almost every city on the Continent? The sober inhabitant, who walks along the decent streets in Edinburgh, is not annoyed by observing, at the windows, a parcel of painted faces, almost as hideous as the portraits at the exhibition at Somerset House, and to cry out, in answer to their courteous invitations to enter,

"Ye ghostly goblins, why do you shake your gony locks at me?"

It is really desirable that ladies, upon whom nature has not been very lavish of her gifts, and that clumsy artists, who are capable only of caricaturing the female features, should not expose their vile daubs in so public a place, lest fo-

reigners, who have heard so much of the unrivalled beauties of the British fair, should imagine that the faces there exhibited were selected and inclosed in costly frames as the best specimens of English beauty that could be obtained*.

Much complaint is made by many persons of the Old Town, Edinburgh. But the truth is, that the Old Town, compared with most other places, both in England and Scotland, is handsome, and it is only its disadvantageous position, and proximity to the New Town, which has gained it this undeserved character. Improvements no doubt might be made; the town-jail, for instance, has long been intended to be removed, but works of greater moment have delayed the accomplishment of it. The houses and streets of both are built of a handsome stone, and slated, giving them an appearance which, were it contrasted with a few streets of brick, would refresh the memory of those southern idlers, who, discontented with every person, with every country, and every occupation, which chance or their good or ill fortune has bestowed upon them, wish to communicate the same uneasy disposition to all around them, and lie in Scotland, concerning the advantages of England, and in England, of the dirt and misery of Scotland. They descant upon the surprising and unparalleled advantages, both as to comfort and economy, to be found on the Continent; would drive you from your native country to Flanders, and, disappointed in these delusive expectations, would conduct you to the South of France; again, finding the fallacy of the prospects held out, would prevail on you to proceed to Switzerland, from Switzerland to Italy, and thus over the wide world, unless their career shall have been previously cut short by a lodgment in the King's Bench or Fleet, or their travels diverted to another direction—perhaps to Botany Bay. And all this in pursuit of that which has no real existence, viz. the liberties and comforts of England at one half the expense; a phantom which has no real existence and ever eludes your pursuit, like the Will-with-the-Wisp, or gaudy butterfly.

It certainly cannot be denied that provisions are somewhat cheaper in many parts of the Continent, but not to the extent that the exaggerated accounts of travellers would lead you to suppose. Real comforts, however, are undoubtedly much less; were it, however, the reverse, I will venture to affirm that no

* Our painters and our ladies must take with the best temper they possibly can, this sally of our Correspondent.—Ed.

Briton would barter his birthright, that freedom which is here possessed both by high and low, and the society of those whose minds are enlarged by a habit of thinking and judging for themselves, to have a suite of half-furnished rooms for twenty pounds a year, to dine off twenty different dishes composed of twenty different ingredients, not one of which would bear the light, if it were divested of all the garnish with which it is decked out. I am confident that the meat exposed in the shops of Paris for sale would not fetch market-prices in Leadenhall Market; and indeed it would be wonderful if it did, for you may travel hundreds of miles in the interior of France without seeing as much grass as would fatten a cow. For grain and for wine it is indeed well calculated; a man there thinks no more of plucking a handful of grapes, or a few apples and pears, as he walks along, than he does in this country to pluck a turnip and eat it. For the lovers of good and cheap wine, Gallia will be the land after their taste. But, though I wish I could entertain my friends and drink good claret myself, at a shilling a bottle, which I might do in the south of France, yet I do not see that this would make amends for every other disadvantage.

Having said so much in favour of Edinburgh, and in praise of the three particulars in which it appears to me to surpass this and every other city I have chanced to see, to wit, in the romantic beauties of the environs, the magnificence and the regularity of the streets, and the excellence and cheapness of provisions; it still remains to point out some inconveniences, which, though they perhaps admit of no remedy, are nevertheless revolting to those who have been accustomed to the cleanliness of English towns.—I mean the want of common sewers, and of private entrance to each dwelling. In the Old Town, a house or flat is what in England we term a floor. The houses are nearly as large as a factory, and often more than one family live upon a story; so that the number of individuals collected under the same roof is very great. The evils arising from the want of free circulation of air will be obvious; the filth and disease thence generated will be equally apparent. As you walk along the streets of the Old Town, or survey the high houses facing Princes Street, one window in every story from the top garret to the ground floor will be observed to have almost every pane of glass broken, and the apertures stopped up with rag, brown paper, or pieces of old hat, looking as if that part of the house had lately suffered from a fire, or been

allowed to fall into decay. Now this denotes the public stair-case, which winds up, generally circularly, like the way up a church steeple. There is no door excluding the *stair* from the street, it being a complete thoroughfare; but each family have their door, with their name and a rapper affixed, upon every story. What is every body's business is esteemed no one's particular duty; and, consequently, the public stair is worse cared for and more filthy than the street; and so dark, that if the notice we so often observe, to wit, "*please to commit no nuisance*," were written up, it would not be visible. In the day, the stair is infested with lousy beggars and squalling children, so that it requires no little care to steer clear of these and other disgusting objects which lie in the way. In the night, as you grope your way along, your ears are assailed by the cackling of the maid servants; gossiping, *sweethearting*, and quarrelling, are going on in every corner; and you would be constantly striking your knees against the pails, &c. which the giddy wenches leave in the middle of the way, if the delicate sensibility of an English nose did not lead you to beware of those traps. It must be admitted that some of these stairs are a little better than those I have described; that in which I resided, for example, had a lamp upon each story; it did not wind round and round, but was after the common fashion, and it was besides scraped with a hoe, and sprinkled with sand, every morning. Let not the reader imagine that the houses which have a public stair are inhabited only by the vulgar! Very creditable families, men of business, lodging and boarding-houses are within; and when you have once got clear of the stairs, the rooms within are lofty, elegantly furnished, often commanding a beautiful prospect of the sea, of Arthur's Seat, or Salisbury Crags. It is, in short, impossible to procure any lodging in the Old Town without a public stair: the evil must be submitted to by all who dwell there.

The next disadvantage of Edinburgh is the absence of common-sewers. I will not take upon me to assert that there are no sewers in any part of the city, but this I know, that every evening, pails, containing slop of all descriptions, are emptied into the kennel, which flows in a stream black as ink on either side of the road. The splenetic author of the ingenious work called the *Miseries of Human Life*, might have inserted one, which, perhaps, the reader may have experienced as well as myself. I will briefly relate the trivial circumstance. In returning from a ball at a

country town, it fell to my lot to conduct a young lady the length of a few streets, who was not a little out of humour with some occurrences which had taken place during the evening. We jogged along in silence, she brooding upon the mortifications she had experienced at the ball; I, in a *brown study*, pondering upon indifferent subjects, the silence only interrupted by heavy drops of rain which fell upon the umbrella that sheltered us both from a very heavy thunder shower. In the midst of this quaker's meeting, I set my foot upon a loose flag—observe! it was a rotten borough, and the corporation had, I suppose, put the money into their pockets which should have been appropriated to mending the pavement. The stone tilted, and the water, which had collected under it, *squashed* upwards from under it. I escaped; but the shoes, stockings, &c. of the lady had a complete sousing. The ill humour which had been kindled at the ball now burst into a flame—*awkward*, *clumsy*, and a shower of the like epithets, fell upon my unfortunate head. Oh reader! what would have been my fate if this accident had happened in the streets of Edinburgh, instead of in the rotten borough? This was pure rain water; but that which flows down the streets of the metropolis of Scotland would puzzle the most ingenious chymist to analyze, while none but a chymist would be able to accomplish so enviable task, without being overpowered by the effluvia, arising from the kennel as from a dung-heap.

The present London road enters at one of the narrowest and dirtiest streets in the city, the Canon Gate; but the genius and industry of the inhabitants will soon overcome this disadvantage, and complete a new entrance to the town, which will strike every beholder with astonishment. A stupendous bridge is now erecting, by the side of the Calton Hill, in a valley which runs between the old and new towns, which will form an entrance worthy of such a city. It will terminate at the corner of the North Bridge, the grand communication between the New and Old Towns. The pencil alone, and not the pen, are calculated to give the reader any adequate idea of the extensive, novel, and unparalleled prospect from the Calton Hill, a great part of which will be equally well seen from the new bridge. No single picture can do justice to it; a panorama alone can at one view exhibit the ancient churches and buildings, with the curious lofty houses; and, on the other hand, the open, airy, and regular streets of the New Town; the harbour, shipping, and Firth of Forth,

forming a striking contrast to the rugged rocks of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, and the Pentland Hills.

Such is Edinburgh, and these are the improvements carrying on, with a spirit and alacrity characteristic of the nation. But it is not a little surprising, that while so much labour and money are expending upon the new bridge, they should be doing their best to disfigure and deform the old one. A row of houses are already half built upon one side of the north bridge, calculated totally to cut off the view of Prince's Street, the elegant churches and chapels in the valley, and the tract of open country stretching towards Glasgow, as well as to prove an effectual barrier to the free circulation of air, and help to inclose, in its stead, the disagreeable odours I have before hinted at, together with what is worse, the *miasma* of fever. Surely the admirers of this row of houses must imagine their own persons to be invulnerable to febrile contagion. Perhaps nature, in her wisdom, has thought proper to leave out the olfactory nerves of such individuals, who are thus determined to shut in every atom of filth by this impenetrable barrier? If their olfactory nerves be totally wanting, the optic seem to have in some degree partaken of the imperfection, and scarcely serve

"To guard their owners 'gainst a post," for the erection of this row of houses will prove a stumbling block difficult to be got over, and unless they be speedily removed, their admirers will scarcely ever regain the confidence of their fellow citizens. Those who wish these buildings to remain must be absolutely *blind*, and their blindness of the worst sort; *blind* to the general interests of the city, and *deaf* to the wishes of the inhabitants of the place. Mr. Sheridan used to observe, that the Tory administration had spent one half of the national debt in pulling the Bourbons from their throne, and the other half in putting them up again.

And, after nature and art have conspired together to render Edinburgh the first city in the world for picturesque situation, will Scotchmen quietly sit down and see the beauty of their capital defaced and destroyed by these vile erections, for the sake of a few pounds of ground-rent or feu-money? He who stands upon the North Bridge, and looks on the side towards the Calton Hill, will see works going on, which, when completed, will afford a view unequalled either in Britain or any other country—a view which he who has travelled furthest, best knows how to appreciate by comparison. But when he turns his

eyes west, and observes that odious pile of stone and mortar, intended to be transmitted down to posterity, as a monument of the sublime taste and spirit of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, in the year 1817, he will indeed be tempted to exclaim, "the right hand knoweth not what the left doeth;" he will be able to find no satisfactory mode of accounting for such inconsistencies, except by supposing one half of the citizens to have a proper public feeling for the advantages of the city, and the other to be *insane*—actually *stark mad*. Edinburgh is well supplied with public institutions, infirmaries, dispensaries, hospitals, and schools. One only is wanting, viz. a lunatic asylum. Might it not be advisable that, in place of the row of houses on the North Bridge, a new institution for the insane be forthwith erected, and that the first persons placed therein be all those who are *mad enough* to protect that disgraceful deformity, which still rears its insulting head on the North Bridge?

JOHN BULL.

UNITED STATES' NAVY.

"The United States' frigate *La Guerriere*, which was a few days since at Cowes, having on board his Excellency George Washington Campbell, minister from the United States to the Court of St. Petersburg, is of a prodigious size, and has a most imposing appearance. She has a crew of four hundred and sixty men, and can, on an emergency, mount upwards of fifty guns, being of the same class, in point of tonnage and dimensions, as our English sixty-fours. This is the vessel which captured an Algerine frigate of forty guns, in the Mediterranean, about eighteen months ago. The fine appearance of this immense frigate, whose tonnage is one thousand five hundred and seven tons, and length of deck one hundred and ninety-four feet, drew on board her, during her stay at Cowes, a large assemblage of distinguished visitors, all of whom were very courteously received, by Captain McDonough and his officers. On Saturday, the Marquis of Buckingham, Earl Spencer, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, Admiral Lock, the Hon. Captain Charles Paget, and several professional gentlemen, inspected the ship; and, on the following day, the Earl of Cavan, Captain Thomas King (one of the elder brethren of the Trinity Board), and many of the officers of the Queen Charlotte and other guardships, at Spithead, all of whom seemed much surprised at the very high state of equipment and order discoverable in every part of the frigate."

"This ship," says a further account, "has a clumsy appearance; her lower masts are short, and of large circumference; her yards not very square, and

her blocks are large; her tonnage is one thousand five hundred and fifty tons by measurement; but her equipment is most complete and effective for the purposes of defence or aggression. She is remarkably clean, but nothing appears to be made for mere shew; her bits are extremely large, and every rope is led through a separate block; each has its own belaying-pin. She mounts on her main-deck thirty long twenty-four pounders; on the quarter-deck fourteen forty-two pounder carronades, and two long twenty-four pounders; and on the fore-castle six forty-two pounder carronades, and two long twenty-four pounders. The most extraordinary attention* has been paid to her *warfare* qualities; attached to every gun is all the apparatus, including lanterns, swords, pikes, and boarding-caps; the tackles are rove through very large sheaved blocks, which considerably lightens the labour, and renders the guns capable of being worked much quicker than in our ships; the trucks of the gun-carriages are of larger diameter, and the axle-trees are much longer, and effectually prevent the guns from upsetting.

"She has seven lieutenants and four hundred and thirty-five men on board, of whom three hundred are *British-born subjects*. Thirteen of her men deserted while she remained here, two of whom have since entered on board one of the sloops of war at Portsmouth; and they hold out no very flattering inducements for our seamen to cross the Atlantic†."

Such are the terms in which the English newspapers have lately spoken of an United States' frigate! We are glad that the distinguished personages named, as well as many others, have satisfied themselves, with their own eyes, as to the existence of *La Guerriere*; and, perhaps, at this moment, it will be exceedingly *pleasing* to the British public to hear a little more concerning the navy of the United States. We copy the words of the most recent statistical writer on the other side of the water:—

"The *American* navy, formerly proscribed as a burden and a curse to the country‡, seems at length to have fought itself into favour with all parties. Its heroic achievements and splendid success, during the late war with England, and its present commanding attitude in the Mediterranean, have elevated the character of the country, and conferred an imperishable glory upon its own name; and justly *claims* the support and honour of the government and people, both in peace and in war, now and for ever. The *American* navy consists of nearly one

* This expression, concerning the "extraordinary" attention, here said to be paid to the "warfare qualities" of a ship of war, does a little surprise us. Is such attention "extraordinary?" But we are more and more convinced, that the British marine has still much to learn!

† We should be very much pleased to learn the particulars here alluded to, and shall be exceedingly thankful if a Correspondent, at Portsmouth, will make what inquiries he can.

‡ During the presidency of Mr. Jefferson.

hundred ships, brigs, and schooners, besides small sloops and gun-boats; of which nine are *rated* at

74, but <i>carry</i>	90 guns;
10 are <i>rated</i> at	44
1	38
2	36
2	30
30	28 to 16 guns.

The actual *number* far exceeds the *rate* of guns in all the classes of vessels. Congress has made ample appropriations for the annual increase of the navy; so that the United States, in all probability, will soon be able to send out fleets sufficiently numerous to cope with any European powers, for the mastery of that element whose dominion invariably confers a paramount influence among all the sovereignties of the earth. The number of naval officers, at the commencement of the late war, were

13 Captains,
9 Masters commanding, and
17 Lieutenants.

The promotions, since the peace, have been,

10 Captains,
19 Masters commanding, and
68 Lieutenants*."

As to the "heroic achievements and splendid success" of the "American navy, we must again refer our readers to Mr. James's Account of the Naval Operations of the War. "The ocean," says the writer before quoted, "is open, and will, *ere long*, (he prints the words in italics) have its waters deeply *died* with American and British blood, contending for the exclusive dominion of that element which is, emphatically, the cradle and the home of the mariners of both nations;" and, in the literary style of the United States, he further tells us, "that the United States' people have already twined round their victorious brows wreaths of naval and military glory, which will flourish in eternal verdure, long as the everlasting hills shall rest upon their foundations, and the stars of heaven continue to shed their light."

ANECDOTES OF LONDON.

No. I.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

Of the three great fairs which were annually held in the metropolis, Bartholomew is the only one remaining; May Fair, which began on May-day, and continued for fourteen days, was partially suppressed in 1705, and entirely put down about fifty years ago; Southwark, or Lady Fair, which was held in September, and was of equal duration, has also been suppressed; but Bartholomew Fair, though much on the decline, is still an object of eager anticipa-

* Bristed's America and her Resources.

† Literary Journal, No. 22, p. 349.

tion, to the city apprentices and female domestics, and of dread to their sober and peaceable masters.

Bartholomew Fair is held under a grant of King Henry II, and confirmed by the charters of succeeding monarchs, all of which limited its duration to three days, except the charter of King Charles I, which does not mention the time; but, as this was merely a charter of confirmation, there is no doubt that its *legal duration* cannot exceed the time above mentioned. The objects for which it was originally granted, may be collected from Stowe, who says:—

"To this Priory [St. Bartholomew], King Henry II, granted the privilege of a fair, to be kept yearly, at Bartholomew-tide, for three days; to wit, the eve, the day, and the next morrow. To which the clothiers of England and drapers of London repaired; and had their booths and standings within the church-yard of this Priory, closed in with walls and gates, locked every night and watched, for safety of men's goods and wares. A Court of Piepowder was daily, during the fair, holden, for debts and contracts*."

In 1295, a dispute arose between the prior of St. Bartholomew and the Custos of the city, Rafe Sandwich, about the customs and benefits of this fair, which, by a brief of the king, was referred to the Barons of the Exchequer.

At what period this fair first deviated from its original object, and became the scene of drolls and buffoonery, seems doubtful. In the time of Stowe, it would appear, that the first three days were devoted to business only, and the subsequent ones to amusement, for he observes, that "it is most considerable for the sale of cloth, stuffs, leather, pewter, and live cattle; the rest of the fair-time is for recreation chiefly: viz. to see drolls, farces, rope-dancing, feats of activity, wonderful and monstrous creatures, wild beasts made tame, giants, dwarfs, &c."

The fair was formerly proclaimed by the Lord Mayor, attended by the whole Court of Aldermen, as appears, by the following circumstance, related in the *True Protestant Mercury*, 26th August, 1682:—

"Wednesday last, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, the Lord Mayor rode on horseback into Smithfield, to proclaim that fair, but was very slenderly attended, only with two aldermen and the sheriffs; when, in former times, it was usual for the whole Court of Aldermen to give their presence. After they had performed that ceremony, in their return, a saucy vintner's servant cried, 'God bless the king and the lord mayor, but a pox on the sheriffs.' For which, being seized by some of the sheriff's officers, he was carried to the Earl of Holland's (alias Pie Powder) Court, and there fined for his saucy and base language towards the sheriffs."

The charter of King Charles I, in not limiting the duration of the fair, afforded a pretext for its continuation to a mischievous length, that of fourteen days,

but not without strong and frequent remonstrances on the part of the corporation. The Gazette of August 2, 1694, has the following proclamation:—

"These are to give notice, that, by order of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, Bartholomew Fair, held in the month of August, in West Smithfield, London, will, for the future, be kept three days only and no longer." The notice seems to have been ineffectual; for, in 1697, the grand jury of the city of London presented the fair as a nuisance, complaining of its being extended beyond three days, and permitting obscene plays and interludes. In 1708, the Court of Common Council prayed that it might be limited to three days, and in 1735, the Court of Aldermen resolved that it should only be held three days, viz. the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of August, and that only stalls and booths be erected for the sale of goods, &c. usually sold in fairs, and no acting to be permitted.

In 1750, a petition was presented by above a hundred graziers, salesmen, &c. against erecting booths for exhibiting shows during the fair, "as not only annoying the graziers and salesmen, and disturbing the inhabitants in the exercise of their callings, but giving the profligate and abandoned, of both sexes, opportunity to debauch the innocent, defraud the unwary, and endanger the public peace." That this is a true character of this scene of riot and misrule, at the present day, must be admitted, notwithstanding the exertions of the city to regulate it; one thing, however, might be done; it might still be shortened, for it now continues four days, viz. the eve, Bartholomew's day, and the two days following, although the original grant and subsequent charters limit it to the "eve, the day, and the next morrow."

The Court of Piepowder (from the French *piéd* and *poudre*) is held in Cloth Fair, where people were sued for debts and contracts relative to the fair, and in this court the party may be arrested, the cause tried, and judgment passed, in a few hours; for it has no authority beyond the duration of the fair, and was designed to afford speedy justice to the many traders who formerly came from the country to attend the fair with their goods.

Some parts of Smithfield, where this fair is always held, were remarkable for the sale of particular articles: thus, at Christ Church Cloisters, pictures were generally sold; at Smithfield Bars, shoes; at Pye Corner, bows and arrows, of which, says D'Urfey, there are more "than was handled at Chevy Chase." Pye Corner was also famous for "pigs on the stall, piping hot, that would cry (if they could speak) come eat me." These delicacies, however, were not confined to Pye Corner, for Ben Jonson makes Littlewit say, "Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, i'th fair; do you see, i'th heart of the fair, not at Pye Corner*."

* Ben Jonson's comedy of Bartholomew Fair.

The amusements of the fair, are thus described, by an old writer* :—

"It is remarkable and worth your observation, to behold and heare the strange sights and confused noise in the faire. Here a knave in a fool's coate, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drumme beating, invites you, and would faine persuade you to see his puppets; there a rogue, like a wild woodman, or in an antick shape, like an Incubus, desires your company to view his motion; on the other side, Hocus Pocus, with three yards of tape or ribbon in his hand, shewing his art of legerdemain, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockloaches. Amongst these you shall see a gray goose-cap (as wise as the rest) with a what-do-ye-lacke in his mouth, stand in his booth, shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are so taken that they presently cry out for these fopperies; and all these together make such a distracted noise, that you would think Babell were not comparable to it. There are also your gamesters in action, some turning of a whimsey, others throwing for pewter, who can quickly dissolve a round shilling into a three-halfpenny saucer."

Ned Ward's remarks on the fair, written between 1698 and 1700, are not less humorous:—

"We ordered the coachman to set us down at the Hospital gate, near which we went into a convenient house to smoke a pipe, and overlook the follies of the innumerable throng, whose impatient desires of seeing Merry Andrew's grimaces, had led them, ancle deep, into filth and nastiness.

"The first objects when we were seated at the window, that lay within our observation, were the quality of the fair, strutting round their balconies in their tinsey robes and golden leather buskins; expressing such pride in their buffoonery stateliness, that I could but reasonably believe they were as much elevated with the thought of their fortnight's pageantry, as ever Alexander was with the glories of a new conquest; looking with great contempt from their slit-deal thrones, upon the admiring mobility, gazing in the dirt at our ostentatious heroes and their more supercilious doxies, who looked as awkward and ungainly in their gorgeous accoutrements, as an alderman's lady in her stiffen-bodied gown upon a lord mayor's festival.

"Bartholomew-fair drolls are like state fire-works; they rarely do any body good but those who are concerned in the show."

Speaking of singers, he says, "I had rather hear a boy beat *Round-headed cuck-olds, come dig*, upon his snappers; or an old barber ring *Whittington's bells* upon a cit-tern, than hear all the music they can make."

(To be continued.)

* In a pamphlet entitled "Bartholomew Fair, or Variety of Fancies; where you may find a faire of ware and all to please your mind, with the several enormities and misde-meanours, which are there seen and acted." London, 1641.

* Stowe's Survey of London, B. 3, p. 233.

LITERARY SCRAPS.

No. VI. *

Anecdote of the late Dr. Charles Burney.—May 16, 1814, among the collection of books which belonged to Mr. Duval, (a French gentleman) was sold a presentation copy of *Burney's (Chas.) Commemorations of Handel*, containing MS. lines of Dr. B. March 12, 1801. The occasion of these lines was as follows:—Dr. Burney having promised Mr. Duval a copy of the above work, some time elapsed before they met; when they did, the Doctor never seemed to observe Mr. Duval, but sent the book in question the next day, with lines "On a Treacherous Memory."

No. VII.

LOVE OF FRIENDS.

From MS. of Dr. Charles Burney.

It should not be our chiefest ends
When good's done us—to love our friends,
For they no friends are understood,
Who have the power, and do no good.

Quoth Rochefoucault†, they're understood
To claim our love for doing good;
For if they claim it, very fit
They something do to merit it.

Love in Friendship's understood,
When power joins will to do us good.

T. W. K.

Early English Poetry.

THE FUNERAL OF THE ROSE.

By Robert Herrick, 1648.

THE ROSE was sick, and smiling died;
And, being to be sanctified,
About the bed there sighing stood
The sweet and flow'ry sisterhood:
Some hung the head; while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring;
Some laid her forth; while others wept;
But all a solemn fast there kept:
The holy sisters some among
The sacred dirge and tental‡ sung:
But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplished,
They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
And clos'd her up, as in a tomb.

* By a mistake at the press, Nos VIII and IX were inserted last week, instead of Nos. VI and VII.—ED.

† See Rochefoucault's *Maxims*. Ed 1706, p. 114.

‡ The *tental* was a service of thirty masses, which were usually celebrated, upon as many different days, for the dead. See Du Cange, *Glossarium ad Scriptores mediæ, et infimæ Latinitatis*.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

A BLUNDER has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough to happen when ignorance was so dense:—A rector of a parish, going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority from Saint Peter:—"Paveant illi, non paveam ego;" which he construed—"They are to pave the church, and not I." This was allowed to be good law by the judge, himself an ecclesiastic also.

In the *Valeriana*, we find it was the opinion of Father Sirmond, that St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins were, all but one, created out of a blunder. In some ancient MS, "St. Ursula et Undecimilla V. M." was found, meaning, "St. Ursula and Undecimilla, Virgin Martyrs;" and, imagining that Undecimilla, with the V. M., which followed, was an abbreviation for "Undecimillia martyrum virginum," they made, out of two virgins, the whole eleven thousand.

A French writer, relating that Marlborough broke an officer, translates it by *roué*; "broken on the wheel."

Another French writer, translating Cibber's play of *Love's Last Shift*, entitled it thus: "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour."

Another, in the *Life of Congreve*, has translated the like play of the *Mourning Bride*, "L'Epouse du Matin."

Sir John Pringle, in one of his works, mentions his having cured a soldier by the use of two quarts of Dog and Duck* water daily. A French physician, in his translation, specifies it as "an excellent broth, made of a dog and a duck."

Dr. Johnson, while compiling his Dictionary, sent a note to the Gentleman's Magazine, to inquire the etymology of the word "CURMUDGEON." Having obtained the desired information, he recorded in his work the obligation to an anonymous writer:—

CURMUDGEON, *s.* a vicious way of pronouncing *cœur méchant*.—An unknown correspondent.

Ash copies the word into his Dictionary, in this manner:—

CURMUDGEON, from the French *cœur*, "unknown," and *méchant*, "correspondent."

* The sign of a public-house, and tea-gardens, with a mineral spring, lately standing in St. George's Fields, near London, now the site of the new Bethlehem Hospital.—ED.

LITERATURE.

In the late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, (No. 59,) the discussion of the Polar Ice is attributed to Professor Leslie; the Review of Childe Harold to Mr. Jeffrey; that of Birkbeck's Notes to Mr. Brougham; and that of Mr. Maturin's "Women" to Mr. Moore. Such is the report. If this had been left to conjecture, the "State of Parties" might have been assigned to Mr. Brougham. A knowledge of the name of the reviewer of Mr. Maturin's novel will not increase the respect for the opinions conveyed in it.

MECHANIC ARTS.

Steam-boats in England.—"Great numbers of steam-boats have been launched in Great Britain, within a few years past," says a writer in the *United States*, "yet the principles on which they are navigated do not seem to be fully understood in that country, if we may judge from the accounts given by those who have seen and travelled in them, and by some recent publications on the subject."

Mock Pearls.—Illegal fishing, for the furtherance of a curious purpose, has lately been discovered on the Thames:—regular fishermen and large bodies of poachers sweep the Thames, night and day, of all the white fish, for the sake of their scales merely; these are sold to Jews for manufacturing beads in imitation of pearls; roach scales are sold at 21s. per quart, dace 25s., whilst for bleak, 4l. 4s. a quart is the present market price in Duke's Place. The scales are torn off them as fast as they are caught, and thus, often dreadfully mangled, they are tossed back into the water to linger and die in torture!

VARIETY.

THE following lines are said to have been written in a copy of Bentley's Dissertation on Milton:—

ON MILTON'S EXECUTIONER.

Did Milton's prose, oh Charles! thy death defend?

A furious foe, unconscious, proves a friend:
On Milton's verse does Bentley comment?
know,

A weak, officious friend, becomes a foe:
Whilst he would seem his author's fame to further,

The Murderous critic has avenged thy Murder!

A happy invention of the painter is to be seen in an altar-piece at Worms, where the virgin throws the infant Saviour into the hopper of a mill, while from the other side, he issues changed into little morsels of bread with which the priests feast the people.

Sterne's Maria.—Mr. D'Israeli, in his work on the "Literary Character," remarking on the vast difference which frequently exists between the literary character, (as portrayed in their works), and the per-

sonal character of authors, illustrates his observations by the example of the author of "Maria" and "the Story of Lefevre".

"By some unpublished letters of Sterne, in Mr. Murray's collection of autographical letters, it appears, that, early in life, he deeply fixed the affections of a young lady, during a period of five years, and for some cause, I know not, he suddenly deserted her and married another. The young lady was too sensible of this act of treachery: she lost her senses, and was confined in a private mad-house, where Sterne twice visited her. He has drawn and coloured the picture of her madness, which he himself had occasioned! This fact only adds to some which have so deeply injured the sentimental character of this author, and the whole spurious race of his wretched apes. His life was loose and Shandean, his principles unsettled, and it does not seem that our wit bore a single attraction of personal affection about him, for his death was characteristic of his life. Sterne died at his lodging, with neither friend nor relative by his side: a hired nurse was the sole companion of the man whose wit found admirers in every street, but whose heart could not draw one by his death-bed."

Craniology.—A correspondent requests us to insert the following

QUERY

For the advocates of craniological physiognomy, and cranular disposition to particular pursuits.

Had the nations of Lacedemon and Scandinavia, who, educated for the sword, and had no minds but for the contest, the organ of "combativeness?" If they had, were their dispositions formed by the predominance of the organs, or by the peculiar circumstances which obliged them to become military to preserve their independence?

English Weather.—A Frenchman on his return from his travels, speaking of the disposition and manners of the inhabitants of London, observed they were by far the most anxious about the state of the weather of any people he had ever visited, as, not contented with making it the first topic of conversation during the day, they employed men to wake them every half hour in the night and inform them if any alteration had taken place.

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

The Season.—America appears to have suffered from intense heat equally with Europe. A New York paper, of the 14th July, says—"The thermometer, during the last two days, has indicated a greater degree of heat than has been experienced, we believe, for the last eight or ten years. At three o'clock, on Saturday, the mercury stood, in the shade, at 93, and at the same hour, on Sunday, at 96."

It is stated, from Philadelphia, that the thermometer, in that city, lately stood at 102, average 100 degrees; and that four

or five persons died by imprudently drinking cold water, notwithstanding the frequent warnings that have been given.

It is worthy of remark, also, that the heat of the present summer season has been (as far as we have intelligence) universal. From the north to the south of Europe, there has been a higher and longer continued degree of heat, than during the preceding period of at least forty years.

The oak trees were never remembered to be more burthened with acorns than at this time, in all parts of the island. The produce of a single tree, on the estate of G. Witherden, near Bethersden, in Kent, sold, a few days ago, for the extraordinary sum of five pounds.

Onions are, this year, in consequence of the long continuance of dry weather, almost as dear as peaches, a tolerable sized onion selling at this time in Covent-Garden Market for two-pence, and an indifferent peach for very little more.

Agriculture.—A correspondent assures us, that if an early crop of beans be well cleaned from the stalks, and the latter cut down to within a foot of the ground, the same root will afterwards yield a second crop, nearly equal to the first.

Mariner's Compass.—A young man has lately invented a curious manner of purifying iron, by which the magnetic power is totally absorbed; this he has applied to the compass, preventing any influence being exerted on the needle by outward iron bodies, by which several ships have been lost. The iron above mentioned is so hard as to cut glass.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

August 21 to 27.

ARCHITECTURE.

Rural Residences; consisting of a Series of Designs, in Twenty-seven Coloured Engravings, for Cottages, small Villas, and other ornamented Buildings. By John B. Papworth. Imperial 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.

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A Selection of Ornaments, in forty pages, for the Use of Sculptors, Painters, Carvers, Modellers, &c. Printed at the Lithographic Press. Part 2. Super Royal. 4to. 11. 11s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Count Las Casas, the Companion of Buonaparte, communicated by himself; comprising his Secret Correspondence with Lucien Buonaparte, the Narrative of the Voyage to St. Helena, &c. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

COMMERCE.

The American Negotiator; consisting of Tables of Exchanges of the United States, Value of Coin, Rates of Postage, New Tariff of Duties, &c. By the Editor of Mortimer's Dictionary. 18mo. 4s. bound.

LAW.

The Statutes relating to Bankrupts, with Notes, and a Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, on the Revision of the Bankrupt Laws. By Wm. David Evans, Esq. 8vo. 9s.

MEDICINE.

Remarks on Burns and Scalds. By Nodds Dickinson. 8vo. 5s.

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Manuscrit de l'Isle D'Elbe. Publié par Le Comte. 8vo. 3s.

NOVELS.

Les Jeunes Vendéens, ou le Frere et la Sœur; a Tale founded on real Facts. By the late Madame Bernard. 12mo. 4s. bound.

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A Miscellany of Poetry; in Two Parts. By John William Pfeil. 8vo. 7s.

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An Appeal to Scripture and Tradition, in Defence of the Unitarian Faith. 12mo. 6s.

Nautical Essays; or, a Spiritual View of the Ocean and Maritime Affairs; with Reflections on the Battle of Trafalgar and other Events. By the Author of the Retrospect. 12mo. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Views of the Caves near Ingleton, Gordale Scar, and Malham Cove, in Yorkshire. Drawn and engraved by William Westall, A. R. A. Imperial 4to. 11. 1s.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—This theatre, during the recess, has been embellished and decorated anew. The ceiling now corresponds in richness of ornament with the other parts of the theatre, and is formed by pannels encircled with gold mouldings, filled with the national emblems of the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, embossed in burnished gold, which terminate in the grand central star. The house has been entirely fresh painted, and the ground is a warm salmon colour. The following new performers are engaged:—

In Tragedy.—Mrs Yates and Miss Somerville: the former is said to resemble, in voice, form, and dignity, her great predecessor of the same name; and Miss Somerville is said to be so much improved by practice and experience, that the critics of Liverpool, Bath, Birmingham, and Cheltenham, have pronounced her a first-rate tragic actress.

In Opera.—Mrs. Dickons, whose fame and success in Italy nearly equalled Mrs. Billington's; Mr. Hunt, whose voice in some degree is similar to Incledon's; Mr. Davies, a pupil of Lanza's; and Pyne, late of Drury Lane.

In Comedy.—Mrs. C. Kemble; Mrs. Hill, so long the star of Bath; and Mr. W. Farren, the celebrated representative of Sir Peter Teazle, Lord Ogleby, and others of the late Tom King's parts, from Dublin. [With these will be united the former company, as Miss O'Neill, Miss Stephens, Miss Brunton, Mrs. Faucit, Miss Foote, Miss Matthews, Young, C. Kemble, Macready, Abbott, Fawcett, Jones, Liston, Emery, Terry, Blanchard, Farley, Duruset, Taylor, the Denetts, Noble, Lupino, Grimaldi, &c.]

DRURY LANE will open under far less auspicious circumstances; the conduct of the Sub-Committee has driven some distinguished favourites from their lists, and they have no other novelty to present than that of a reduction in the prices of admission: an experiment which we fear will neither benefit the interests of the drama nor the public. The boxes will, in future, be 5s., half price, 3s.; pit 3s., half price 2s.; gallery as before.—Mr. Sinclair, late of Covent Garden Theatre, is engaged here. Mr. H. Johnston retains his situation as actor at Drury Lane Theatre; but the chief management is wholly confined to Mr. Stephen Kemble, under the authority of the Sub-Committee. This gentleman, who is by no means destitute of literary and histrionic talent, is not unknown to the public. Some fifteen years ago, he first appeared at this theatre, in the character of *Falstaff*, and was introduced by the following address, written by himself:—

"A *Falstaff* here to night, by Nature made,
Sends to your favourite Bard, his *pend'rous*
aid;

No man in buckram he! no stuffing gear!
 No feather-bed, nor e'en a pillow bier!
 But all good honest flesh, and blood and bone,
 And weighing more or less some *thirty* stone!
 Upon the Northern coast, by chance we caught
 him,
 And hither, in a *broad wheel'd waggon* brought
 him;
 For in a chaise the varlet ne'er could enter,
 And no mail coach on such a fare would ven-
 ture;
 Blest with unwieldiness, at least his *size*
 Will favour find in every Critic's eyes:
 And should his humour, and his mimic art,
 Bear due proportion to his *outward part*,
 As once 'twas said of MACKLIN in the *Jew*—
This is the very Falstaff Shakespeare drew;
 To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
 Should you approve, you may command his
 stay,
 To lie and swagger here another day;
 If not, to better men, he'll leave his *sack*,
 And go, as ballast, in a *collier back*."

Original Poetry.

MEMORY'S TRANCE.

Oh! I have often seen the tear
 From Pity's eye flow bright and clear,
 When Sympathy has bid it stay,
 And tremble on its timid way;
 But there's a tear more pure and bright,
 And moulded with as soft a light,
 The tear which gushes in the eye,
 Fresh from the fountains of Memory.

Ah, Fanny! when this bright tear steals
 Where some too faithful heart conceals
 The fairy spell of passion's glow,
 Which once it felt 'twas bliss to know,
 While Fancy, hov'ring o'er the trance
 Of Mem'ry, brings each faithless glance,
 Each well-taught look, and winning smile,
 That lovely eyes beam'd to beguile,
 'Till vanishing, with with'ring power,
 They fled, like those which o'er the flow'r
 Glanc'd by the noontide's scorching ray,
 Untimely steals its bloom away.

Yet morning's dew will oft revive
 The flow'r again, and bid it live,
 And blossoms wake from buds that slept
 Before the tear of heav'n was wept;
 But ah! when Memory's sad tear starts
 Upon the waste of blighted hearts,
 It flows not with reviving skill,
 But makes the heart more desert still.

T. W. K.

TO FORTUNE.

FORTUNE!—how vain thy flatt'ring voice,
 And all thy gilded smiles, to me!
 Tho' poor, my heart shall still rejoice,
 And never be allur'd by thee.

Thou boast'st of radiant pomp and show,
 And all the glare of golden pride;
 But can'st thou stop the tear of woe,
 Swell'd by affliction's flowing tide?

Ah no! thou can'st not heal the breast,
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow's genuine pain;
 Then go *deceit*, and ne'er molest
 My mean but friendly cot again.
 That heav'nly bliss I still shall hope to find,
 Which soothes all sorrow, and contents the
 mind.

H. GUBBINS.

LOVE;

*A few Lines touching its FORGETFULNESS, as
 exemplified in the Case of Betty, a Farmer's
 Maid.*

[Written in Huntingdonshire, August, 1818.]

"We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but all
 is mortal in nature, so is all nature, in love, mortal in folly,"
As you like it.

"Oh dear me," cried Bet, "'tis all dolly-my-wig;
 As she rattled her churn, "Ma'am, the but-
 ter won't come;
 That miller, ad-rat-him, a wicked young prig,
 Hath play'd me some trick:" quoth her mis-
 tress, "Hum!"

Why 'twas known well enough, that Poor Bet,
 in love's dream,
 Had put in some water, and left out the cream.

One morn to the hay-field, to help 'em rake-
 after,

Bet hurried betimes, and what thinkst thou
 befel her?

The girls they all giggled, the men were all
 laughter,

I wot Betty blush'd, as she "went for to
 tell," ah,

That thinking of Robin, she (maidens take
 warning)

Forgot to get into her stockings that morning.

"Lord, Mistress! d'ye know, ma'am, the well
 is quite dry,

What, what shall we do for some water for
 tea?

Indeed, and indeed, ma'am, I don't tell a lie."

"You great stupid hussey, Bet, how can that
 be?"

The truth is, Bet stroll'd to the horse-pond, (a
 drone!)

Which always in summer is dry as a bone.

"Here Bet, take the tea-cups away—get a cloth—
 A clean one—and wipe them.—Bet, do it,
 yourself,

For that children shou'd handle my pots I am
 loth."

"Very well, Ma'am," quoth Betty; Bet goes
 to the shelf,

Takes all the best china down—e'en to a cup—
 And, tho' perfectly clean, washes all of it up!

"Oh! Oh! were I into my cold grave toss'd!"

"Hey, Betty! why, what is the matter,
 good Bet?"

"I shall die! I shall die! oh! the baby is lost—
 I have sought for this hour, and an't found
 it yet."

"Ha! ha! ha! my good Betty,"—*en passant*, a
 smile—

She had got the dear thing in her arms all the
 while!

To finish—there's one thing she could not en-
 dure:

Now Bet hadnt made the boys' beds—could
 it be!

She was sure, and she stood to't, she'd made
 'em—quite sure,

And wouldnt believe it "not never," not she.

Bet was right; but I must say the accident vext
 us,

She had been to, and made, all the beds at the
 next house!

BEPPU.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of the Anagrams collected for us by C.
 F. R. are anticipated in Ordovex's letter on
 Anagrammatism, which last shall have an
 early place.

Upon examining the Parody on Gray's immortal
 Elegy, we cannot think it worthy our inser-
 tion. We are equally obliged to our Cor-
 respondent.

NISBY was too late.

"To an Apple," and "Trees," are not the best
 effusions of their author.

"Ab Occidente," and "A Correspondent," anon.

Among the errors of the press in our preced-
 ing Number, the sentence beginning "In
 Europe, we wait," &c. (page 1, col. 3, note,)
 should have read, "In Europe, we wait for
 great occasions, before we use great words,
 or express great sentiments." At p. 362,
 col. 1, note, for "foisted in," read "foisted
 into; and same page, col. 2, dele the two
 lines of poetry which follow the title "Lite-
 rary Scraps," and for "A many songs," read
 "Many songs," and for "has been written,"
 read "have;" at p. 358, col. 2, l. 58, for
 "Hengwot," read "Hengwri."

ADVERTISEMENT.

I.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Speedily will be published,

A Copy of a Paper presented, in December
 1812, to the Right Hon. Earl Bathurst, &c. &c. &c., entitled
 A PROPOSAL FOR THE CONQUEST OF LOUISIANA;
 to which is added, Additional Remarks, occasioned by the
 passing Events in Florida.

By E. A. KENDALL, Esq., F. A. S.

"The British threatened to dispossess us of New Orleans,
 and shut at once the great outlet of the Western Country."

National Intelligencer, July 7, 1818.

II.

ENGLAND'S DOMESTIC CRISIS.

By the same Author.

ENGLAND'S DOMESTIC CRISIS: a Plea
 for the Constitution and for the Country.

"Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"—*Milton.*

* * In this work the Author will inquire, 1. What is the
 Constitution of England? 2. In what manner, and from what
 causes, are we now threatened with its loss? 3. What would
 be the consequences, to all classes of Englishmen, and to the
 whole world, of such a loss? and, 4. What means are yet left
 in our hands, for preventing its occurrence?

III.

COLONIAL JOURNAL.

THE Editor of the Colonial Journal has
 the pleasure to assure the Readers of that Work, that he has
 surmounted the obstacles which have for some time prevented
 its regular quarterly Publication, and that, in a very few
 Months, he will have wholly recovered the lost time. It
 is his intention to publish, in the present Month, the Fourth
 Number, which has been so long deficient; and, at the same
 time, No. IX. containing Views of the present posture of Af-
 fairs in Ceylon, the Arctic Expeditions, West India and North
 American Affairs, &c. &c. On the first of November will
 appear Nos. VII and X, and on the first of January, 1819,
 Nos. VIII and XI; on the first of February, No. XII; and
 on the first of April, No. XIII, from which period the Colo-
 nial Journal will be published regularly on the 1st of January,
 April, July, and October, in each Year.

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